

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE


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NO. 1

THE MONTH

LEOPOLD'S PRESENT TO NEW YORK

ING LEOPOLD of Belgium, who controls the Congo Free State, (so-called) has made a present to America consisting of samples of everything grown, produced, or found in the Congo. The exhibit is to be established in Manhattan Square, New York. Some of the newspapers think this a sly way this venal and unscrupulous old sovereign has of placating public sentiment which has crystalized very thoroughly against him, because of the reputation he has made both for personal immorality, and the atrocious deeds he has allowed to go on against the Negroes of the Congo Free State; many of whom now carry handless arms and branded bodies because they refused or could not give to Leopold's agents all the ivory and gold they asked for. We might take Leopold's gift and install it along side of the pictures of these poor people whom he has so cruelly treated.

HOW TO KEEP WOMEN AT HOME

MARRIED men, guardians, uncles and relatives are often perplexed to find some remedy for the growing propensity of women to "gad-about." The husband

comes home to find his wife gone, and a cold supper left "covered up for him on the table." The wife has gone to the women's club, the church fair, or a society meeting. Other people who are responsible for girl children in the household come home and find the girls out to a party or some other young people's function; and so it goes—the women are bound to be engaged in a thousand and one little things that call them away from home and home affairs. The tendency of the modern woman to "gad about" is a problem that "mere man" finds difficult of solution. "Mere man" can't exactly see why the women should all want the highest priced furnishing that they can possibly afford, to embellish a home that they do not care to stay in—only at night. "Mere man" can't see why he should work like a horse day in and day out to pay bills for fitting up a fine home for a woman who will not stay in it, but thinks every body else's home a better place for her to be in than her own—in fact "mere man" would rather invest this money spent on useless home furnishings, in real estate or something that would give a dividend that might be laid up for hard times and old

age. Just think, too, of the useless stuff women pile into their living apartments. Why some of them present the appearance of a bric-a-brac store, and a well stocked one at that. In some rooms you can hardly take a step without knocking over a vase or tangling up in a curtain. To "mere man" it is decoration and house-furnishing gone mad.

But in spite of all this, women will not stay at home. They are on the street, in the club, in the stores, in the theatres, in societies, in the lecture rooms—in fact everywhere but home. Of course this does not apply to all women, hardly to one-half or one-fourth, but the proportion is large enough to be noticeable, and evidences a growing tendency in the direction of a final destruction of our American homes, because of its abandonment by its queen, the American woman. Nowhere else in the world has the home life meant more to a country than to America, and to have it abandoned by the very member of society who can do most to make it a place of happiness and refinement, is a thing to be regretted. Man can protect the home, but he does not polish and refine it—it takes woman for that—this is her place, her centre of influence, her throne, where virtue and love sit enshrined. To most men home is a place to sleep and eat—but to woman it is infinitely more.

But to return to the subject, how shall we keep women at home? We can't abolish the club, the society, or the theatre, or the home of the other woman to which the woman you are interested in, likes so much to go and we can't chain them in as was done in olden times. So what are we going to do about it? Sup-

pose the men call a convention and exchange views on this subject. Let's see where we "are at," and what experiments have been tried with success and possibly from a diversity of plans and ideas, we can arrive at some general rule that will work. Such a convention would be very timely as women are getting very bold, and instead of using the freedom that civilized men are allowing them, for adding to the comforts of man, they are abusing them. This is the thanks that civilized man is getting for giving his women more liberty than women get in half civilized countries. Cold suppers in a deserted bric-a-brac apartment is the return many a poor devil of a man is getting, who plods it day in and day out like a galley slave to give some woman a chance to bedeck herself and hie away from her home, which is the privilege that modern civilization gives her. And what is coming next nobody knows. Women always know how to take the ell if they were given the inch. They are selfish creatures and think everything a man has belongs to them because they tell him they love him. We therefore insist that the men should call a convention to see what shall be done.

WHY NEGROES REFUSE TO TRADE WITH ONE ANOTHER

SOME one has answered this question by saying that many Negroes are ashamed to let other Negroes see what small quantities of groceries, for instance, they buy, but they do not mind letting the white man into this secret. Now this argument might be true if it would apply to other things than groceries; and if this were so he would go

to the Negro merchant for large orders and to the white one for small ones, to the Negro lawyer with large cases and to the white one with small ones. But the reason is to be found rather in the relics of slavery, that inherited jealousy and hatred that one Negro has towards another Negro who is seeming to do well. The slave masters taught Negroes this lesson, and they taught it quite well.

The average Negro gets very much wrought up because his neighbor Negro friend might neglect to speak to him on the street or fail to shake his hand in a crowd. He claims his friend's politeness and handshake, but he does not feel that he owes any duty of patronizing this same friend who may set up in business—he will walk by him every time and carry his money to the white business man who not only does not speak to him or shake hands with him, but would probably kick him out of his house if he came into it, or would help a mob to lynch him, or would take the money he spent with him to build a church the Negro could not worship in, or establish a restaurant he would not be allowed to eat in.

The Negro race must rise up and throw off these slave relics, they must awake to the necessity of establishing Negroes in business for the purpose of creating strong men of money and influence who can be of service in times of need. Suppose a hundred Negroes should join together in defense of their homes, at some time, and they should be arrested by a prejudiced police and held under bond by a prejudiced judge, where could you get these bonds? This is a case

where Negro men of wealth would be needed—when they could subserve the race's interest. This is only one instance, there are thousands of others. A poor people are necessarily a weak people—weak in the ability to defend and protect themselves. If the Negro race cannot establish men in business so as to make men of financial strength, it must continue to remain the football of all races in this country, to be kicked *ad libitum* without the means of retaliation.

The present policy of the race in deliberately refusing to patronize their own business and professional men is simply "fattening frogs for snakes," it is suicidal, and dooms not only the individual Negro but dooms the race. We must open our eyes to the philosophy of this question, the preachers and leaders must not only preach it but practice it. We cannot expect help along this line from the whites—they want you to be good; join the church and the Y. M. C. A., which is all very fine, but when it comes to giving you much of his patronage, he backs his ears.

The average white man thinks the Negro has no place in business. He is willing to tolerate him as a domestic servant, but when it comes to business and the professions, he swallows the lump hard. That is what white people have been taught from the cradle. All are not that way, but so many are, that Negroes need not be looking for white people to build up the race in business, but if they want this job done they must get at it themselves. This is a work of evolution on the part of the Negro and not revolution on the part of the white man.

"AUNTY" MARIA SYME DEAD

MARIA SYME, an old colored mammy, faithful to her traditions and her friends, died in Raleigh yesterday above ninety years of age. For years she was the maid to Mrs. T. D. Hogg, and for fifteen years or more was the faithful servant of Dr. Herbert Battle, formerly of Raleigh. Her death occurred at seven o'clock yesterday morning and the funeral will take place from the colored Baptist church of this city, of which she was fifty-one years a member. "Aunt" Maria, who was of the "old issue" and much beloved by her white friends, held as a cherished memory the great days of the year 1833 when "the stars fell."

This clipping disclosed a condition of affairs in this country, i. e. the respect that certain white people have for their Negro servants; and while not wishing to detract from the good will and respect that Negro servants in the race have been able to win in this county, yet we insist that all of the good will and respect should not be lavished upon the Negro "mammy" in disparagement of the same mammy's offspring who may have been so unfortunate (?) as to get culture and education partly as the result of the same mammy's labor and efforts. In other words the thousands of Negroes who are doing equally as useful work as

educated business and professional men should not be overlooked by the white press as is so frequently the case. The "black mammy," as a rule, gets more and better press notices than the black business or professional man.

"JIM CROW" BILL PASSED

By a vote of 95 to 10, with four absent, House Bill No. 1, known as the "Jim Crow" measure, providing for separate coaches and waiting rooms for the races, was passed to-day in Guthrie, Oklahoma. An enthusiastic demonstration accompanied the announcement of the vote. Almost every member of the House explained his vote.

Somebody is responsible for this additional outrage against the Negro people of America, and those of Oklahoma especially. Our friends in the Republican party should have seen to it that the Constitution of this new State contained an absolutely prohibitive clause, making it impossible for the Oklahoma Legislature to have passed any such Jim Crow law. Where are our so-called colored political leaders when all this is going on? What are they good for any way, besides holding down their jobs? The people are wanting to know this.



The Negro In Business

BY X.



It was a stroke of genius on the part of Booker T. Washington to devote his latest literary production to the Negro in Business. The Yankee merchant, manufacturer and banker who does not care a continental for the social, political, educational and religious evolution of the entire Negro race and its American branch in particular, will rather sit up and listen to a tale giving him a detailed account of the struggles and successes of his black brethren in Mammon. For there are no black and no white \$1,000 bills, no black and no white bank accounts, and that white business house is still to be found that would refuse a solid check from a black customer. Knowing that the hundreds of white business people among the readers of this magazine are too busy just now in cleaning their premises from the souvenirs of the great financial storm of October last to read for themselves 379 pages of Booker T. Washington's book, I wish to cull for them a few of the many and stirring facts which one of the recognized leaders of the Negro race presents to us, not in the rhetorical or apologetic but in the matter-of-fact and business-like style of Broadway and Wall street.

Booker T. Washington is not only an orator and writer of merit but a shrewd diplomat, clever business man and an

organizer of no common talent. It was he who marked the financial onward movement of his race in the 20th century by organizing at the end of August, 1900, the National Negro Business League. More than 400 delegates, representing thirty-four States, attended the organization meeting at Boston, and Booker T. Washington was elected president. He retains his position to this very day.

The Boston Transcript of that time fitly characterizes the importance for the entire community of that memorable meeting as follows:

The silly, uneducated, shiftless Negro puts his pay on his back: the business Negro put his pay in the bank. . . . Think of the progressive change: slaves, freedmen, laborers, capitalists And think of the millions who are still coming up; the millions whom we must judge by the standards of the business convention and not by the standards of the criminal court.

By a strange coincidence, Senator Joseph Forney Johnston of Alabama, who evidently believed it to be his duty as Christian and as statesman to close the year 1907 in this same city of Boston by delivering in the Algonquin Club, a savage address on the Negro in general and his criminality in particular, juggled in a brutal, unscientific way with the figures of Bulletin No. 8 of the last census and drew simply ridiculous conclusions from the fact "that in the North

there are 12 white prisoners to 10,000 white inhabitants and 69 Negroes to 10,000 colored inhabitants." Does this gentleman not know that there are crimes and crimes, that the poor and ignorant are liable, not six but twenty times more than the rich and educated, to fall into the meshes of the penal code and does he not admit, finally, from his own Negrophobe standpoint, that it were degrading to establish between the flower of the Anglo-Saxon and the other Aryan races on the one, and the descendants of the "savage coons from Africa's jungles" a moral and intellectual ratio of not more than 6.1?

But let us return to our National Negro Business League whose second annual convention was held August 21-24, 1901, at Chicago. Many of the delegates of whom there were about 300 hailed from the West. The black farmers, traders and bankers were welcomed to the city by representatives of the Governor of Illinois and the Mayor of Chicago while President McKinley sent a kindly letter full of good wishes for the success of the League. The fourth annual convention, which represented business interests of over \$2,000,000, took place at Nashville, August 19-21, 1903, in the hall of the House of Representatives. Mayor-elect Williams, H. C. Collier, President of the Nashville Chamber of Commerce, and J. L. DeMotive, President of the Retail Merchants' Association of that city addressed the convention. In seven years 320 local leagues have been established which are working in harmony with the main body, the latter promising to develop into one of the main factors of the economical, social

and political advancement of the American Negro. The convention of 1905 was held in New York and in attendance there were 400 delegates, representing 31 States and the Republic of San Domingo. Letters from President Roosevelt and Governor Frank W. Higgins were read and addresses made by Oswald Garrison Villard, John Wanamaker, Robert C. Ogden and George F. Peabody.

After this general outline the reader will be prepared to meet, face to face, a few individual Negro business men and, Wall street still being considered as the business center of the United States, we will give first the floor to the Negro banker and financier.

I doubt whether every member of the New York Clearing House knows that there are more than thirty successful Negro savings banks in the country operated wholly, and patronized almost exclusively by black people, and most of the powerful lords of Broad street may even now look at these institutions in the same spirit as many members of the Legislature of Virginia did when they granted, in March, 1888, just for the fun of it, a savings bank charter to the Grand Fountain of the United Order of True Reformers in Richmond. The bank was opened April 3, 1889, with deposits of \$1,268. In the beginning some of the white banks of Virginia boycotted the black banks, but some eminent white merchants having threatened to withdraw their deposits from the white banks unless some satisfactory arrangements were made with them, the leading national banks offered to act as clearing agents for the Negro banks. As to the True Reformers,

whose founder was the late Rev. W. W. Browne and whose president is now Rev. W. L. Taylor, and whose capital stock of \$100,000 has all been paid up, it had, in 1905, \$350,000 deposits, and boasts at present of over 11,000 depositors.

The Alabama Penny Savings and Loan Company, which opened its doors in Birmingham, October 15, 1890, was also started by a Negro clergyman, the Rev. W. R. Pettiford, who, in the early part of that year, being shocked by the sight of a Negro woman drinking whiskey in a "Jim Crow" car, conceived the plan to teach his people how to use and invest their hard-earned dimes and pennies. During the financial panic of 1893, when the (white) First National Bank of Birmingham closed its doors, the Penny Savings Bank came to its aid in a way which won for the colored enterprise the respect and the friendship of the white banks of the city.

The Rev. Mr. Pettiford was born in 1847, the son of free parents in Granville, North Carolina, and worked himself up from a poor farm boy to a well-to-do bank president.

To jump from the South to our own city: of similar interest is the life of the Brooklyn manufacturer, Samuel R. Scottron. And since even our prolix "Who's Whos" draw the color line at the African race, I wish to enter for a few minutes into the details of his life as a typical exemplification of the possibility even for a "nigger" to become both a useful member of the community and a gentleman in the truest sense of the word, and this notwithstanding the former United States Senator from Georgia, Thomas M. Norwood, who,

in the same evangelical spirit as his colleague from Alabama, offered on the same night of December 31st last, to the Negro race a cruel New Year's present in the shape of a would-be learned philippic from the bench of the City Court of Savannah.

Samuel R. Scottron was born in Philadelphia in 1843, and moving with his parents in 1849 to New York, graduated at the age of fourteen from one of the Brooklyn grammar schools. At the age of nineteen he married Anna M. Willett of Peekskill, N. Y.. After a disastrous trial as sutler in a colored regiment at the beginning of the civil war, Scottron opened grocery stores in several Florida towns, but too heavily handicapped by previous losses, to succeed now, he gave up business and settled as barber at Springfield, Massachusetts, inventing there the so-called "Scottron's Adjustable Mirror" and establishing himself shortly after in New York, first in the mirror and then in the cornice-manufacturing business.

In 1882, putting his various patents out on royalties, Scottron engaged as traveling salesman and general manager to John Kroder, a German-American, at 13 Baxter street, New York, remaining in this position until 1894 when he invented the "porcelain onyx" lamp tubes which netted him a fair profit. From 1894-1902 Scottron served as a member of the Brooklyn Board of Education.

But this educated and successful Negro is not only a business man, but also an efficient leader of his race. As far back as 1872, during the Cuban insurrection, he formed together with the Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, the Cuban

Anti-Slavery Society, later on lecturing and writing both for white and Negro newspapers and periodicals.

Let us stop here, for this is enough to show that America spells and ought to spell opportunity not only for the white immigrant, but also for the black native, and it can only drive to despair men who believe sincerely in the Fatherhood of God and the unity and perfectibility of all members of the great human family to see so-called Southern statesmen of the type of Thomas M. Norwood, Joseph Forney Johnston and Tillman cruelly shut the door of salvation to 10,000,000 human beings, for whom together with their 50,000,000 or more African brethren, the Almighty Creator chose the black color in painting their bodies as he chose the white and brown and red and yellow colors for the remaining 1,500,000,000 children of Adam.

Senator Norwood and his fellow-haters of the Negro, in waving the red rag of inborn race inferiority, not only show that they have no right idea of the evolution of mankind, but they also become involuntarily funny. Eighty years ago John Caldwell Calhoun, to finish a protracted pro and con Negro discussion, exclaimed that he shall give in and admit the equal intellectual potentiality of the two races as soon as anyone could show him a "nigger" having digested the Greek grammar and being able to read Homer. There are, to-day, thousands of Negro professors and Negro students reading Sophocles and Pindar, Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton and Kant and Hegel and Schelling, are masters in higher mathematics, and so on. But the fanatic judge of Georgia,

of December 31, 1907, utters, without flinching, the following apothegm:

"I have said that cramming the head is not education and that the Negro cannot originate. I have said that the Negro is an imitator and nothing more. He can imitate the white man's music, and therefore the Abolitionists call that education. He can read and write and cipher, and some of them can declaim, and the Abolitionists think that is education."

Risum teneatis. Has Senator Norwood not read the recent address of President Wilson, of Princeton, on this very cramming education method followed, as he laments, by all public schools, colleges and universities of the United States, for the last generation or so? Can we ask Howard, Fisk and Atlanta Universities to do more and better than Columbia, Princeton, Harvard and Yale?

Senator Norwood, further, reproaches in pathetic terms the Negro for not having produced either in the jungles of the Soudan and Congo, or on the cotton-fields of the South, a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, a Goethe and a Sir Walter Scott. Too funny, indeed. Are the Senator from Georgia and his anti-Negro colleagues, without looking up an Encyclopedia, in a position to quote only five big artists, scholars and writers which the Russian people, now numbering 150,000,000 souls, have produced within the last 1200 years? Do these same learned gentlemen know of any half dozen of illustrious artists, scholars and writers the Anglo-Saxon race has produced in the first twelve centuries of our era? Do they know of one single German writer of eminence

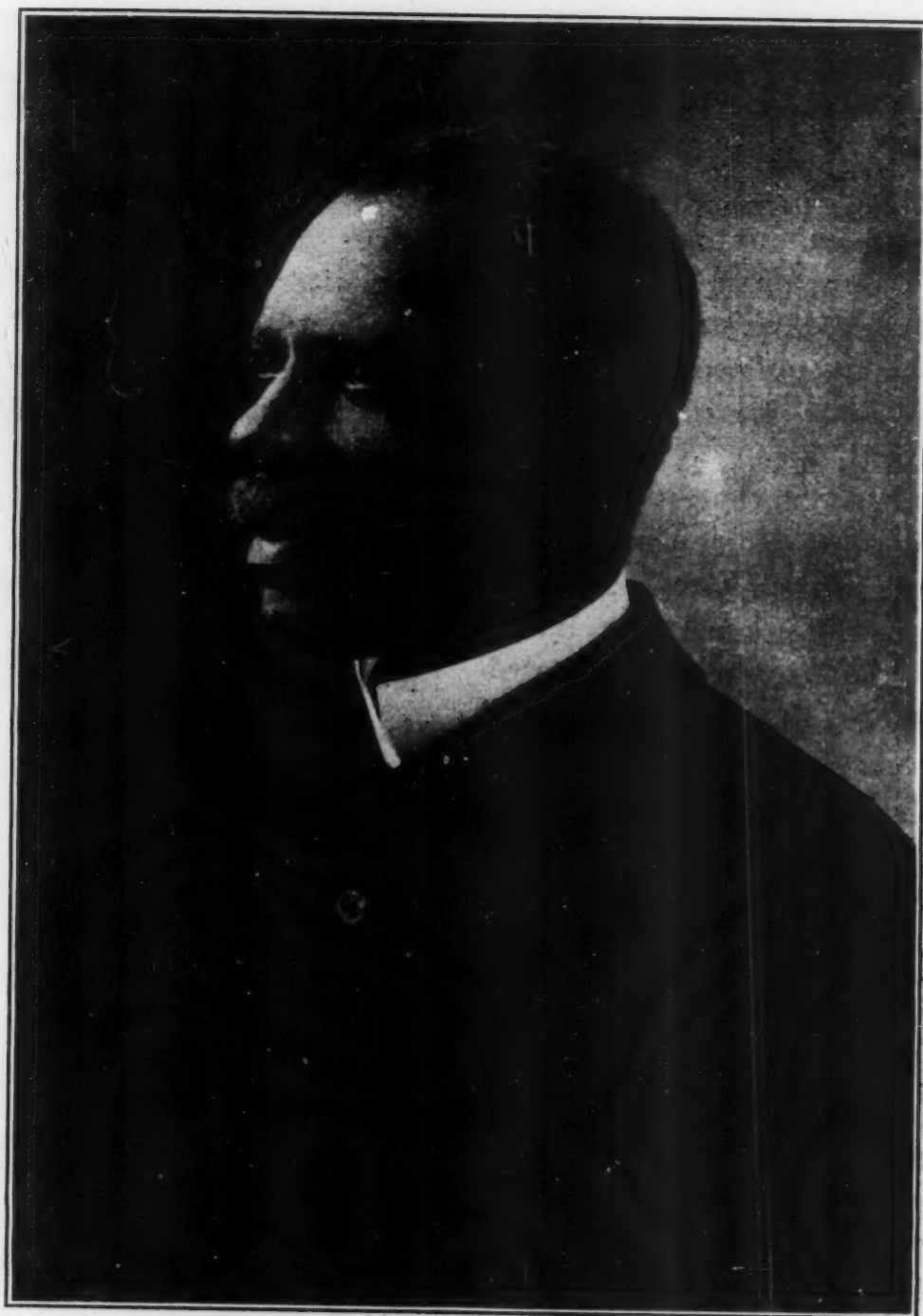
before the middle of the eighteenth century? Have entire Central and South America produced during their whole existence of nearly four centuries, a dozen statesmen, artists, scholars and writers whose names are familiar not to the man in the street but to the average college professor in the United States? And to go back to antiquity: Can our senator-trio and their scholarly hunchman, Prof. W. B. Smith, of Tulane University, name half a dozen of Roman philosophers, poets and scholars of some originality before the first century B. C.? And were even then not most of the literary and artistic worthies of Rome more than skilful imitators of their Greek models? Unless the names of some great Babylonian or Assyrian genius be revealed in his now more than ever agitated dreams to Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, not even Babel and Ashur produced, during their long historical life, one genius known to an appreciative posterity. And have Herodotus and the other Greek historians left us the tale of the heroic literary creations of the land of Egypt? How many original minds in art, literature and statesmanship, have the people of India, now numbering 300,000,000 souls, produced during their career of more than 5,000 years? And they are Aryans of the Aryans, for they remained in the pretended cradle of Aryan culture.

Do Senator Norwood and his Negro-baiting friends not know that not only individual life, but also the life of mankind, is nothing else than a compromise, an eternal mutual taking and giving, borrowing and yielding from race to

race, from nation to nation, from land to land?

But this will suffice to show the weakness of the anti-human negrophobe policy of men of the stamp of Senator Norwood and his friends, most of whom may be sure of this, that the names of Fred'k Douglass and Booker T. Washington will go down to posterity as the benefactors of their race while ten to fifteen years after their own deaths none beyond their families will remember that they had ever existed.

With the victory of Prohibition, a new era has begun for the South: there will be less black and less white crimes. The Negro Business League has branched out into many and will branch out into every field of business activity, and if I, the outsider, were allowed to give the Negro people a well-meant piece of advice, I would tell them to give up, once and for all, all petty personal differences between themselves, and to group faithfully about their recognized own leaders and the white well-wishers of their race men like Seth Low, George F. Peabody, Paul M. Warburg, William G. Willcox, Wm. J. Schieffelin, James Bryce, Andrew Carnegie and others; mainly, however, to save every available penny, for, after all, the learned laird of Skibo Castle is not so far from the truth in holding that the gospel of our times reads: "After your bank account you will be judged." The day when the Negro race in America will have produced the first genuine millionaire and powerful trust magnate, a new Abraham Lincoln will be ready to sign the Golden Bull of the South.



REV. WALTER H. BROOKS, D.D.,
Washington, D. C.

A Strong Pastor of a Strong Church

BY B. HENDERSON



It is often said that a man who enters the ministry with the sole thought of serving God and humanity has a thankless task before him. Many people say that the wire-puller, whose chief aim is to "stand in" with the powers that be, lands the best city pastorates; which his more honest brother is doomed to starve in country districts.

The career of Rev. Walter H. Brooks is a living refutation of that belief. He is a man who has lived to serve God and to teach others to serve him, and yet has become one of the leaders of his denomination. For twenty-five years he has pastored the Nineteenth Street Baptist Church, in Washington, D. C. His church, one of the largest colored churches anywhere, has a congregation numbering 1989. Several times it has been remodeled and enlarged to accommodate increasing membership; and twice in Rev. Brooks's pastorate it has been cleared of debt. To-day it stands free, without owing a dollar.

The success of the Nineteenth Street Church is the grand culmination of a series of achievements in Dr. Brooks's life. The Doctor was born a slave, in Richmond, August 30, 1851. His parents were slaves, but not illiterates. They belonged to the "Old Baptist Church" in Richmond, and were employed by a

Christian family. So Dr. Brooks passed his childhood in a religious atmosphere. He attended Sunday School under Rev. Robert Ryland, President of Richmond College, prior to 1865.

Soon after the Civil War, young Brooks was sent North to be educated. Religious sentiment dominating his mind, he openly professed Christianity on December 15, 1867. In January, 1868, he joined the Ashman Presbyterian Church in Chester County, Pa. At the heart, however, he remained a Baptist, and in November, 1873, he was admitted to the First African Baptist Church in Richmond, by Rev. J. H. Holmes, who later became his father-in-law. Soon afterward he took his bachelor degree from Lincoln University, (Chester County, Pa.,) an institution which has furnished able ministers to all denominations. Brooks made the most of his time at Lincoln, spending seven years in earnest study. So at last he faced the world for himself, a Christian young man of good, earnest character, who by hard and continuous work had acquired a good education.

Rev. Brooks began his career in 1873, as clerk in charge of the "General Delivery" of the Richmond Postoffice. But the religious trend of his mind prevailed, and in 1874 he became Sunday School Missionary of the American Baptist Publication Society, covering in his work



NINETEENTH STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D. C.

the whole State of Virginia. He was very successful in this work. It seemed as though both God and his own nature had "called" him for religious work. Impelled by his early training and his own religious nature, in 1877 he became pastor of the Second African Baptist Church in Richmond. He held this charge for four years, and through his energy and unselfish devotion the church made great progress spiritually, financially and in every other way.

In October, 1880, Rev. Brooks again became secretary to the American Baptist Publication Society, and went to New Orleans as Sunday School Missionary for the State of Louisiana. Here, as before, he proved himself a good business man as well as a good Christian; but his wife's health was failing and he returned northward.

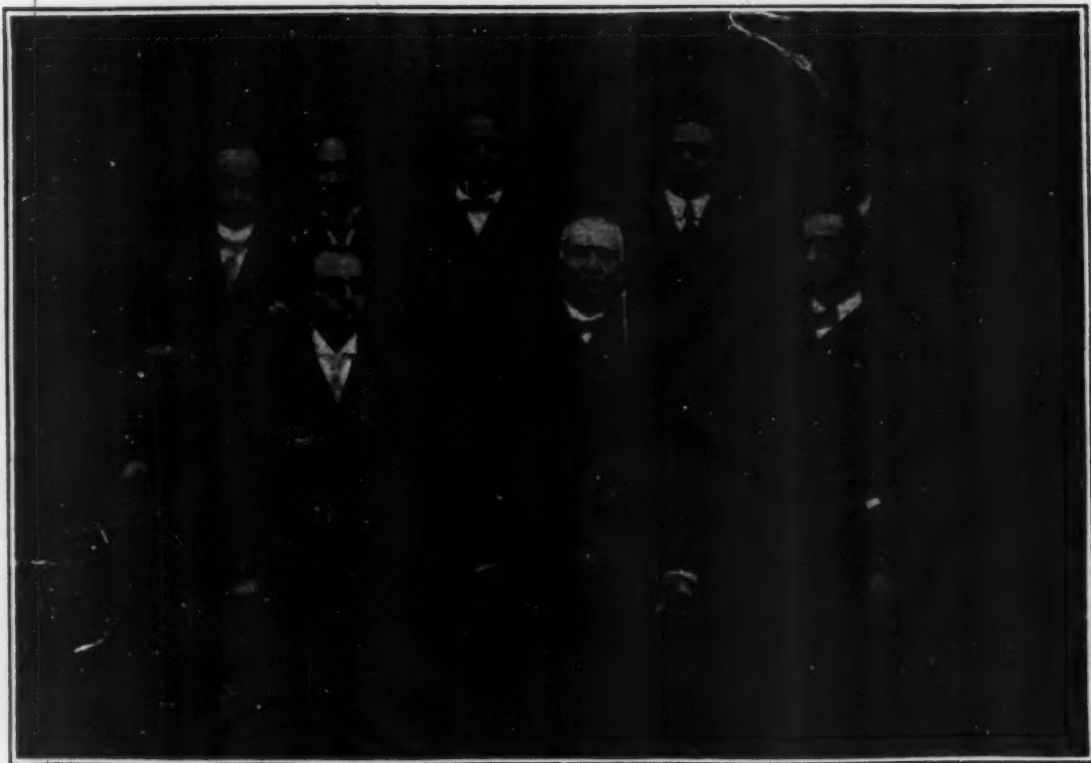
Always successful as Dr. Brooks had been, he was yet to enter upon the most

remarkable stage of his career. The Nineteenth Street Baptist Church in Washington, D. C., had always had excellent pastors since its organization in 1839. It also had a board of deacons and trustees who knew their business. And they proved they knew their business by selecting Dr. Walter H. Brooks as their pastor in 1882.

Rev. Brooks entered upon his work with the same zeal and tact that had made him such a success in everything he had undertaken. In a few years the church was out of debt, and the congregation swelling. From this time on the history of Dr. Brooks is the history of the church. He devoted his whole self to it. He has had able assistants. His deacons are D. A. Lane, John Beale, W. Grant, L. Clarke, W. Dawson, Wm. Stewart, G. Forrester, N. Gilmore, O. Peebles, M. Dean, A. P. Collins, P. McGuinn, Wm. Burrill, Lewis Nutt and



DEACONS OF NINETEENTH BAPTIST CHURCH



TRUSTEES OF NINETEENTH STREET BAPTIST CHURCH

Lee Peterson. This Board of Trustees is no less efficient, being composed of such men as W. T. Naylor, Treasurer; Isaac Scott, Charge of Ushers; E. J. Morton, Chairman, D. C. H. Marshall, Vice Chairman; W. H. Lee, Certificate Clerk; Benj. Washington, Secretary; and E. P. Brown, Building Inspector.

The prosperous condition of the church to-day shows what can be hoped for when such deacons and trustees and such a pastor as Dr. Brooks join hands in an unselfish aim to make a successful church. Since 1882 Dr. Brooks has received into the church 2190 members, 1435 of whom he has baptized personally. Twice during his pastorate, the church has thrown off every dollar of debt. And it has accomplished even more. It has a free dispensary, under the care of a dozen physicians, pharmacists, trained nurses and dentists holding daily clinics.

Is it any wonder, then, that this church's members are so jubilantly celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Brook's pastorate, and the sixty-eighth anniversary of its founding? Is it a matter for wonder that during the past summer they gave Dr. Brooks \$300 to take a six weeks rest and a trip through Canada and the far West; and a few days ago presented him and his wife with another purse of over \$100? Far from tiring of the Doctor, they become more endeared to him every year.

I should point out the Nineteenth Street Church as a noble rebuke to those who say that colored men cannot unite unselfishly, to those who disparage their executive ability, and say they are unable to adhere to a life-long principle. For during a whole quarter of a century Rev. Brooks has been a good strong Baptist, and the remarkable pastor of a re-

markable church. Truly, he has had a blessed career.

We might add that apart from his administrative ability, Dr. Brooks is also an able peace-maker. About thirty years ago, before Dr. Brooks's time, some members of the Nineteenth Street Church withdrew, and formed a separate church of their own, calling it the Berean Baptist Church. The mother church and its rebelling offspring were at war for years but recently, through the mutual friendship of Dr. Brooks and Dr. Rivers, the Berean pastor, all old wounds were

healed and forgotten, and the two congregations held union services at each other's church. Now they are in full fellowship.

It gives THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE pleasure to introduce to its readers the above facts inasmuch as all that is here stated relates to mother's church, and mother's preacher, to the pastor and church of a dear sister, and to the house of worship and to the man who, in some measure, influenced us along right lines.

Richard (Dick) Potter, Magician

BY DANIEL MURRAY



IN Albany, New York, there was privately published in 1865, a memoir entitled "Sir Charles Henry Frankland, Baronet; or Boston in Colonial Times," by Elias Nason, A. M., the same man who subsequently wrote and published a life of Senator Charles Sumner, Boston, 1874. Running through said memoir is some interesting matter pertinent to the literary history of the Afro-American race and particularly about the subject of this sketch. Scattered through the pages of contemporary writers are many interesting facts about the personal history of Afro-Americans, known to exist but never gathered in compact form and thus in a measure lost to later generations and

unavailable in fixing the intellectual standard of the race. It is a matter of great moment that this scattered material in regard to these worthies be now gathered that the young may adopt them as exemplars and receive such stimulus as their lives afford.

The memoir of Sir Charles Henry Frankland is such an interesting picture of early New England life that a short synopsis may not be amiss, in connection with this sketch of "Dick Potter."

STORY OF SIR CHARLES HENRY FRANKLAND.

The story of Sir Charles Henry Frankland is an interesting one, inasmuch as very few records of that early time in New England remain. And further it was in his house and in a manner con-

nected with him that Dick Potter was born. Sir Charles was born in England in 1717, and made Collector of the Port of Boston in 1741 when Jonathan Belcher was removed, charged with complicity with Dr. Cutler and Rev. Commissary Price to ruin the dissenting interest, through tariff extortion. He was a lineal descendent of Oliver Cromwell.

Agnes Surriage, whose beauty so captivated the young Collector, and who later became his wife, though not before the "old maids" had their inning and thereby started the most violent gossip and scandal-mongering that had up to that time rent New England, was of very low origin. The young Collector saw her scrubbing the floor of the tavern at Marlborough where he lodged while there on business. He was instantly interested, and noting that she had on neither shoes nor stockings, gave her a crown to buy them. This she did, but appeared daily bare-footed and upon being questioned on another visit said, 'she was keeping her shoes for Sunday.' It is said, "that though so meanly clad and servilely employed, the young Collector instantly discovered in her form and features gleams of sparkling beauty. And whether his interest was honorable or not, it was of the most pronounced type. Her ringlets were as black and glossy as the raven; her eyes dark and beaming with loveliness; her voice was musical, bird-like; and she bore the charming name of Surriage. The elegance of her lithe and slender form, the sprightliness of her mind, entranced the young Collector's heart, and he sought and gained permission of her parents, who were very poor, to take her to a Boston school to

be educated. She was taught all the elements, also music, dancing and a lady's accomplishments. The good people of Boston raised the cry that Agnes was living in the Collector's house as his mistress, and the storm raised so high that he carried her on a voyage to England, where his people lived. They resented her company so strongly and raised such a row over her presence that in hope of quelling it, he left and was in Lisbon, Portugal, in 1755, which at that time was one of the gayest and most sensuous capitals in Europe and the resort of Englishmen of wealth and sporting proclivities. It is said no questions as to the relationship of the guests were ever propounded at the hotels. Frankland's effort to keep Agnes in England where he carried her when gossip became so pointed and belligerent was so violently opposed by other members of his family that he took her to Lisbon. There no questions were asked; the guests were mostly soiled doves and content to be there themselves. He was there in 1755, and was buried in the ruins caused by the earthquake. He was riding in a carriage, as was his custom each morning with Agnes, when both were entombed under the ruins of the house of Francisco Ribeiro, November 1. The horses were instantly killed and he and the lady buried beneath a mass of broken timber, rocks and lime, and in immediate expectation of a most appalling death. He began to pray for mercy and vowed that if God would show him pity, to lead henceforth a better life, and especially to atone for wrongs done to Agnes Surriage, who was then only a mistress, by making her his lawful wife.

She had managed by reason of being near the surface to extricate herself without aid and sought and found him in the ruins, and aided him by offering large rewards to men around to work diligently and persistently to get him out, which they did. True to his vow, as soon as sufficiently recovered, he raised Agnes to the dignity of Lady Frankland. In 1756 he returned to Boston and resigned his office. In 1757 he was made Consul General to Portugal, but returned again to Boston in 1763. He died in Bath, England, January 11th, 1768, Holmes has told the story in verse, and Bynner in fiction 1887.

I have dwelt somewhat at length on this phase, since the 7th baronet, Sir Robert Frankland, married Miss Louisa Murray, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. Davids. Frankland had on his place in Massachusetts about sixteen slaves, two of whom, Hannah and Robert, were with him in Lisbon during the earthquake. Among the other good resolves brought about by that calamity was his determination to set them all free. Says Nason, "Robert or 'Daddy Bobby,' as they used to call him, was a special favorite in the family. He shared the dangers of the earthquake with his master, and returned to Hopkinton, Mass., where he lived as a kind of fossilized relic from the other world, until he became entirely blind, and finally died in second childhood. He was a genuine son of Africa, and of inky blackness. He had the letter C imprinted on each side of his body. He continued to wear his tarnished livery and to powder his white and crisp locks until his death. An aged woman, who had but

too many reasons for remembering him, informed me that once in sport she bit off one of the silver buttons of his coat, when he, though blind, caught hold of her, and with his thumb broke out two of her front teeth. To make amends for this, she used, with Jennie Surriage, to powder his woolly hair with Indian meal, ever taking good care to keep out of reach of his cyclopean arms."

We now come to a more direct notice of the subject of this sketch. The facts about him are very meagre. No full account of him is given in any of the usual sources of biographical information. A notice of him is contained in Nason's Memoir of Sir Charles Henry Frankland. In William C. Nell's book there is a sketch and this is the only one of which I am aware. His father was evidently a white man since he is described as a mulatto, and very bright. That he was a genius in his line as a magician is quite certain. John G. Saxe speaks of him in glowing terms and calls him the "immortal Potter."

It is quite necessary, and not without lasting interest, that a persistent effort be made to gather all these fragments in regard to celebrated colored men whose genius was so transcendent that mention of them is thus preserved in the memoirs of their white contemporaries. Such men as Prince Saunders, Chevalier Saint-Georges, and others who were recognized equals by kings, princes, dukes and lesser nobility should be the subject of persistent inquiry. Potter's mother, Dinah, is thus described in the memoir:

"Dinah was also brought from Guinea. Her face was jet black, and she had been branded with three parallel lines upon

the cheek and forehead. She was originally caught in Africa, as she herself used to aver, by means of a lump of sugar soaked in rum, which drove her strength and reason out of her. She had several promising children, all of whom were born and baptized in the Frankland house. One of her sons bore the name of Richard or Dick Potter, and obtained a world-wide reputation for his feats of legerdemain. He attended school when a lad at Hopkinton, as protegee of the Franklands and obtained a pretty good education and finally went with Mr. Skinner of Roxbury to reside in England, where he acquired the magical arts so perfectly and performed them so dexterously, as to distance, by a long interval, every American competitor of that day. Many persons still living can well remember his marvelous exploits in frying eggs in his new beaver; taking live rabbits out of gentlemen's coat pockets, or thrusting a sword, even to the hilt, into his own capacious throat, and drawing out thence yard after yard of partly colored ribbon, and then spouting forth to the astonishment of every beholder, sparks and flames of fire. In a very pleasant poem, John G. Saxe thus alludes to him and his performances:

I recollect the nervous man,
 Within whose hat the great deceiver,
 Broke eggs as in a frying pan,
 And took them smoking from the beaver;
 I recollect the lady's shawl,
 Which the magician rent asunder
 And then restored; but best of all,
 I recollect the ribbon wonder.

I mean, of course, the funny freak
 In which the wizard, at his pleasure,
 Spins lots of ribbons from his cheek.
 Where he had put them at his leisure;

Yard after yard of every hue,
 Came blazing out, and still the fellow
 Keeps spinning ribbons red and blue,
 And black and white, and green and yellow.

I ne'er shall see another show,
 To rank with the immortal Potter's;
 He's dead and buried long ago,
 And others charm our sons and daughters.
 Years, years have fled, alas! how quick!
 Since I beheld the great magician,
 And yet I've seen the ribbon trick
 In many a curious repetition.

"Richard Potter was very popular in New England about 1820, and died about 1835, at an advanced age, and is buried at Andover, New Hampshire, where he spent the last few years of his life. He left something of an estate to his descendants. A daughter of Dinah, born in March, 1775, and bearing the name of Julia Titus, was living in 1860 in the full enjoyment of her faculties, though 85 years of age. She was a servant in the family of Mrs. Dupee until she was 17 years of age. She could read and write, and possessed a fund of general information of early Boston of considerable interest. It was from Julia Titus that Mr. Nason derived the information and many incidents relating to the slaves formerly attached to the Frankland family up to the time of their freedom, about 1760. Dinah's other children were Villot, Phoebe, Sidney and Robert. They were all mulattoes and very bright."

Speaking of the connection of a colored man with legerdemain, makes pertinent the experience of Alexander Herrmann, the celebrated magician, who died on the cars shortly after leaving Rochester, New York., December 17, 1896, aged 53 years. The following is recorded in

H. C. Burlingame's *Life and Secrets*, Chicago, 1897-8:

"Herrmann had a sable assistant whose stage name was Gumbo. One of his popular tricks was to borrow a twenty-dollar bill and have the number noted by a gentleman present. He would then make a few passes and the bill would disappear only to re-appear in the hands of Gumbo, who would bring it forward, he being off the stage at the time the bill was being manipulated by the professor. The disappearance of the bill, which goes into the hands of the sable assistant behind the scenes, occurred all right, and the time had arrived when Gumbo appears with the twenty dollar bill to the astonishment of the audience, and the satisfaction of the owner. The house was full, all was breathless expectation. Herrmann fired his pistol and called for Gumbo to appear. There was a hitch. Three minutes elapsed, five, ten passed. The professor called loudly, and then, excusing himself, disappeared to seek Gumbo, whom it seems, had embraced the opportunity to decamp with the twenty dollars. Herrmann re-appeared, paid the owner \$20, to reimburse him, and passed on to the next scene. It is said that notwithstanding several detectives were employed to find Gumbo, no trace of him was ever discovered."

In England colored men were much in evidence as magicians. In Dr. Pleasant Jones's "Slaveholder Abroad," Philadelphia, 1860, 120, on page 158, depicting scenes in English Courts, I find the following:

"William Fortinie, a man of color, was charged with refusing to support his illegitimate child. Margaret Mackey, a

white woman of prepossessing appearance, said she was engaged by Mr. M. Robin, the great conjurer in Tichborne Street, to do work, and there met with the defendant, who was also employed to assist in the tricks and conjurations at the theatre. The defendant contrived to become intimate with her, and the result was the little copper-colored *fac simile* of the father. The defendant, notwithstanding the *prima facie* proof of paternity presented by the child, stoutly declared he was not the father. The plaintiff had no other corroborative proof than that which was offered by the unmistakable resemblance between the child and its putative father. The Judge, Mr. Hardwick, was hardly inclined to think this kind of proof was the corroborative evidence contemplated by the law. It was just possible that the defendant was not the father as there were other black men in London. He should, therefore, remand the case to see if the complainant could bring some kind of corroborative evidence to better sustain her declaration." (London Observer, February 14, 1863). So the black conjurer escaped for the time being:

There came to Baltimore just after the close of the war about 1867 or '68, a colored man named Kelley, who was touring the country, giving performances of legerdemain. Kelley was very proficient and gave a very creditable entertainment. Whether he was from the East or West is not certain; he merely included Baltimore in his circuit of prominent cities. And had he not been a colored man would not have been mentioned in this connection. What ultimately became of him is not known.

It is wonderful the ability displayed in making those marvels of mechanism necessary to the magical performer of today. Yet those of earlier days were not without merit. Some years ago a jeweler of Boulogne, France, constructed a wonderful automatic conjurer. This figure, correctly dressed in black, performed various sleight-of-hand tricks with remarkable dexterity, and when it was applauded gracefully saluted the spectators to the right and to the left. One of its tricks is thus described. "It struck a table several times and made an egg come out of it. It then blew upon the latter, when out of it came a bird that flapped its wings and sang and afterwards entered the egg again." This, however, was scarcely equal to the automatic fly manufactured by John Miller, and which is said to have flown around the table during a dinner party and alighted upon the head of its owner and manufacturer, to the great astonishment of the guests.

The predecessor of Cagliostro was Saint-Germain, Spiritualist and Alchemist, who cut quite a figure in Paris and the Continent and who died at Schleswig, 1784, and as Gagliostro arrived the next year, 1785, he is properly regarded as his successor.

Richard Potter was born in the town of Hopkinton, Massachusetts, in the year 1783, and when a boy was induced to remove to Boston and become an inmate of the household of Mr. Samuel Dillaway of that city. The way it came about is thus stated: A relative of Mr. Dillaway was on a wedding tour to Hopkinton, and while there saw and took a fancy to Richard and urged him to go to

Boston where greater facilities for learning were at hand and greater opportunities for a smart boy.

After years in the Dillaway household he became steward in the family of the Rev. Daniel Oliver of Boston and while in his service studied out and began the practice of the art of legerdemain in which he acquired a world-wide reputation. In early youth he had attended school in Hopkinton, which, joined to his Boston tuition, gave him an excellent education. After acquiring considerable dexterity in magical performances he went, as previously stated, with Mr. Skinner, of Roxbury, to reside for a short time in England. Mr. Oliver's son who was at one time Adjutant General of Massachusetts tells how during the long winter evenings common to New England, the household would be furnished amusement by Potter, who would gather the children of the neighborhood to witness his tricks and pranks.

The success Potter had achieved in this line before going to England indicated that he would not be long a servant. He returned to the United States wearing the prestige won in England and followed the vocation of magician ever after, till death closed his earthly career. Old Columbian Hall and Concert Hall, well known places of amusement in Boston about 1830, were prominent places used for entertainments of that character.

In a description of him it is said, "Potter was a colored man, half way between fair and black. He for a long time monopolized the market for such wares as sleight-of-hand, and "laborious speaking from the stomach" (ven-

triloquism). A writer in the Boston Traveller of November 6, 1851, giving reminiscences of twenty-five years earlier, says:

"We well remember how our astonished eyes first beheld his debut upon the stage—a portentous looking magician from India. And then, to see him perform; eat tow, spit fire, and draw from his mouth yards and yards of parti-colored ribbon, all made out of the tow previously eaten. And then far down in his crop speaking, command an egg to roll over him from head to foot, from foot to head, etc. etc., and then to listen to his comic songs, unlike anything heard before or since. Then donning another attire he would hobble around the stage as an old woman; and the old woman would tell over her troubles and vexations of various kinds, and all at the music, which always concluded with the assuring and cheerful refrain—"How-s'mever, I keep a pretty good heart."

On the Northern New Hampshire Railroad some thirty miles from Concord, in the town of Andover, is a station called "Potter's Place." This little village derives its name from Richard Potter, the subject of this sketch, the celebrated ventriloquist and magician. The house and grounds are thus described: Within twenty rods of the railroad stands a neat, white, one-story building, with two projecting wings, all of Grecian architecture. From this extends southwesterly, a fine expanse of level meadow, the whole forming a most inviting aspect.

This house and the adjacent two hundred acres of land were owned by Richard Potter. Before the house stood for a long time two pillars on which rested

two graven images which Potter obtained from the place at Newburyport, formerly owned by the eccentric Lord Timothy Dexter. Potter built the house and cultivated assiduously the farm from which he enjoyed a good income. He owned the whole in fee simple, unencumbered and at his death in 1835, must have been worth \$25,000 or more.

Dick Potter, as he was familiarly called, was temperate, steady, and strictly attentive to business; his business was his delight; indeed, there is evidence that he took as much pleasure in pleasing others, as did they being pleased. His home presided over by his wife was noted for its neatness and the generous hospitality dispensed. Slavery had not assumed at that time its unenviable record by which the terms slaveholder and brute, became synonymous, hence we are not able to pen a transaction in behalf of freedom in which he figured as a hero.

At no time was there ever heard a lisp against his character for honesty and fair dealing. He was once the victim of persecution from a Mr. Fitch, who had him arrested as a juggler. Why Mr. Fitch adopted such a course has not been recorded. Richard Potter stood too well in the estimation of the people to be successfully persecuted. He plead his own case and was triumphantly acquitted.

Close by the Potter house, in a small inclosure, stands two monumental slabs of white marble. They were there in 1853 when Mr. William C. Nell wrote a short sketch of Potter, whether they are there now, 1907, fifty-four years later, is doubtful. One for his wife, Sally H. Potter, the other

In Memory of
 RICHARD POTTER,
 The Celebrated Ventriloquist,
 who died
 September 20, 1835,
 Aged 51 Years.

The older New Yorkers will easily recall Henry H. Dennis of Charleston, S. C., who located in New York in 1879,

and who was for years valet to the late Ed. S. Stokes of the famous Hoffman House, and later, 1900, Steward of the N. Y. Riding Club, No. 5 West 66th Street and Central Park. For five years Mr. Dennis was the sole stage assistant of the great magician, Alexander Herrmann and as such made a tonr of the world.

Boston Colored People

BY GEO. W. HARRIS

THERE is, I dare say, no more fruitful field in this country for the sociologist or the student of human nature and the races than the Boston of to-day. Present day Boston is still in part the one inheritance of the Boston of the past, the realm of advanced thought, of culture and of idealism and yet,—as with every other of our great centers—the creature in large measure of present forces of commerce, of immigration and of politics. The Puritanic Athens has given and is giving away to the twentieth century American metropolis, the practical cosmopolitan city of busy industry and of various races. This both the land of liberty, of cults and of radicals and the land of hard, fallible and working political and social institutions, of everyday affairs and of conservative citizens.

We find this same mingling of the old and the new, of the ideal and the practi-

cal reflected in all places and among all the race elements. And after five years of study in and of Boston, it seems to me that we of other sections are all too much misguided and too harsh in our judgment of the Boston Afro-American. Because of the misrepresentation and the offense of members of one class, we are all too apt to credit Bostonians with a most obnoxious and peculiar brand of asininity. In the slowly combining mixture of colored citizens—just as with the white citizens—we can see two or three rather distinct classes. And while the writer would not be arbitrary in his classification, yet it seems to him that a true and convenient division of the colored population would be on the basis of their immigration. In the first class, let us put those Negroes and those Negroes whose ancestors, were residents here prior to the Civil War. With this class must be grouped a few young bloods from other sections, who for one reason or an-

other possess essentially the same spirit. This class has never outgrown the intolerant, persistent spirit of abolition and they have brought down intact the old Boston traditions, their old-family-class ideas and the revolutionary fellow-being attitude. It has been this group of young men which has given to the world in the last few years its impression of the colored Bostonian. And on the whole, it seems only fair to say that in this class, not only the soul of John Brown, the unreasoning lover of liberty but as well the soul of John Hancock, the designing, pompous patriot goes marching on.

To illustrate, a young man, who not long ago came into rather discreditable prominence for spectacularly declaring in a church meeting his eternal opposition to any compromise in the solution of the race question closed a recent letter to a Boston weekly as, "Yours for unconditional liberty." While the high-sounding peremptory demands for this "unconditional liberty" in the resolutions of the numerous mass meetings usually held in Boston's "Cradle of Liberty" reflect very perfectly the character of the group. Yet in the ranks of these old Bostonians and idealists we have all gradations from the effervescent, harmless and scheming types to the representative, practical, quiet man of affairs and business. In fact many of this group have been of the most admirable and noble careers in days past and, sad as it is to relate, it must be admitted that this higher, nobler type of old Bostonian is passing.

I mean men of the high soul and service of Wm. C. Nell, Lewis Hayden and John J. Smith, who were responsible for

the monument to Crispus Attucks on Boston Common; who gave a scholarship to Harvard University and who did many such good deeds and who were set upon pedestals, by the anti-slavery agitators as living and powerful examples of the capabilities of the free Negro; this type of old Bostonian is largely a memory of past days. Yet we have at the present time here a few examples to remind us of their past glory and influence. We have with us the family of Postmaster Dupree, the postmaster of the largest sub-station in Boston; the family of Raymond, the largest real estate dealer in Cambridge; the family of Department Commander Wolff, until recently head of the Massachusetts G. A. R.; the Walker family, owners of the "Village Inn" property, immortalized by Longfellow and owners of the most splendid cafe on Harvard Square; the Lewis families of Cambridge, originally very well-to-do, with one member, Miss Eva Lewis, holding an important clerical position in the State Capitol and another member, Mrs. Estelle Caution, the "good angel" of Harvard Negro Students for over a decade; and the well known Baldwin family, the most prominent member of which, Miss Maria Baldwin, is the far-famed and recognized best teacher in Boston; together with the family of the late Judge Ruffin and Miss Eliza Gardner, the old Abolitionists; these we have left as members of this old and rapidly diminishing class. When, therefore, we pass judgment on the resolving-Bostonians, we must take into account their traditions; the fact that their early environments included no such element as tolerance; and that for

all these generations they have lived quite apart from the actual, live race problems of other sections. Reared in this rare atmosphere of intellect and free thought, they chafe, become depressed and pessimistic under the changing conditions. just as one, after having become accustomed to ventilated bed chambers, suffers with the closing of the drafts, They feel and are willing to recognize the "all-one-body-we" spirit of Americans only and not of Negroes.

The Negroes who have come since the Civil War, for the most part exhibit a distinctively different attitude. Instead of being idealists, they are opportunists and materialists; instead of pessimism they show optimism; instead of dying out they are spreading out, very slowly 'tis true, but none the less surely, in a healthy, conservative growth. The prominent names in this class are the better-known merchants and professional men, known the country over. These newcomers share of course the traditional spirit of Bostonians, but are willing to join hands as Negroes in any and every sincere movement to ameliorate their fellows' condition. I refer to such men as Joseph Lee, the caterer, inventor and proprietor of the political resort, "Square Turn Inn"; W. R. Waddell and J. H. Lewis, the popular big tailors; Gilbert Harris, New England's foremost wig merchant, Dr. Samuel E. Courtney and Wm. H. Lewis, head of the Boston Naturalization Bureau. It has been asserted that the quality of the influx since the arrival of these men has been lowered. But if we look at the promising young men who have established themselves in the last decade, we would probably ques-

tion the assertion. Such successful and earnest young professional men as Doctors John M. Hall, Benj. F. Robinson, Hubert Ross and C. H. Patrick, the widely known, efficient tutor of pharmacy, and lawyers such as Winifred Allston and Wm. C. Mathews, and such successful young business men as George N. Rainey of the Rainey Cleaning Company; Jesse Goode, the prosperous young grocer and John W. White, the well known newsdealer of the South End; such men, to my mind, indicate no lowering in the quality of the immigration of the last decade.

And while it is true that the masses of the colored population, coming as it has in recent years, haven't the culture and education of the old Bostonians, if one will get into their inner life, he will be rejoiced to find their ambition, their efforts for real progress and their comparative purity up to the highest standard. There is an under-current of upward-striving and progress that is bringing forth business, social and literary organizations. Several realty companies such as the Boston Realty Company and the Credle Pioneer Institution of Cambridge, and such literary and social organizations as the Thursday Evening Club and the People's Lyceum, all show the direction of the current.

While one must speak of such abstractions as the "masses" in general terms and with due regard for his own limitations of judgment and information, yet it seems apparent that the masses of Boston people of color are getting much more conservative and as a consequence are beginning to place proper value on the substance of citizenship, character

and wealth, where formerly the entire emphasis was on the forms of citizenship, political and social rights and privileges and personal appearance. I have come to this opinion by seeing the increasing tangible evidences of progress, by meeting individually and collectively these colored people. A surprising number of Negroes everywhere hereabouts are quietly buying their own homes and in some communities, such as West Medford, most all of the colored residents own or are buying. While such literary organizations as the St. Mark's Literary

now under the leadership of the square and thoughtful Mr. William Rahn, formerly rife with the declarations and hubbub of the mal-contents and hot-heads, now conduct sane, helpful and deliberate discussions on all subjects.

These things, to my mind, indicate real progress for Boston. The Boston colored people have been misrepresented. They are coming to the fore and eventually they should and probably will regain their former position of high example, "of light and leading."

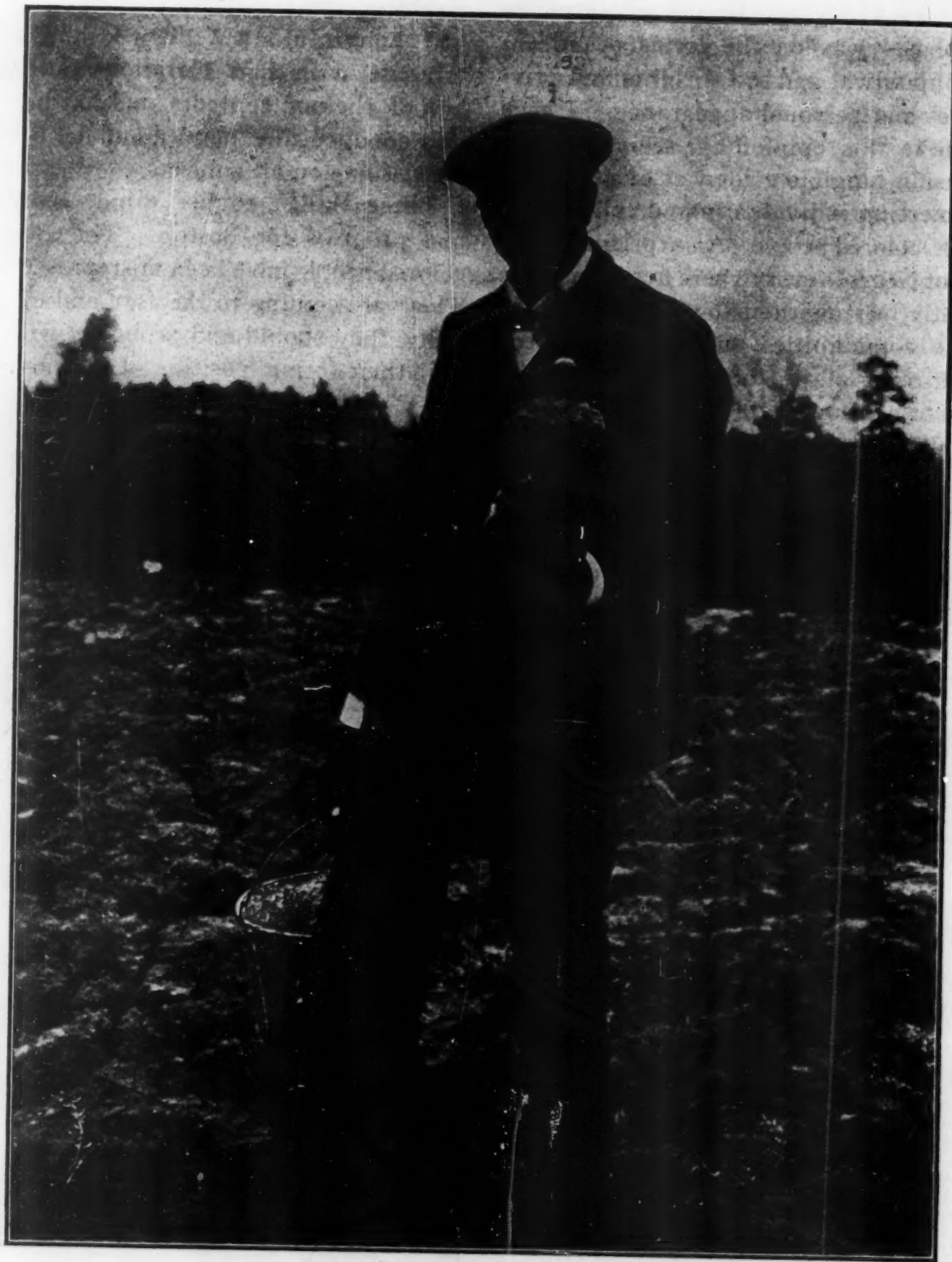
BOSTON, MASS.

RESIGNATION

NEW YEAR'S resolution,
 Hyuh you is again!
 Come to look me in de eye
 An' ax' me how I been.
 I reckons dat you's 'bout de same
 As what you used to be,
 Ad' doesn't speck you's gwineter find
 Much difference in me.

Dat hist'ry keeps repeatin'
 I's heard de white folks say.
 I speck dat you an' me will find
 De case is jes' dat way.
 I's gwineter do my very bes',
 But dis I sho'ly know;
 We both of us was broke las' year,
 We'll both be broke some mo'.

Washington Star.



PROF. GEORGE W. CARVER

A New Industry for Colored Young Men and Women

BY GEORGE W. CARVER. Director



IN these strenuous times, we are likely to become morbid and look constantly upon the dark side of life, and spend entirely too much time considering and brooding over what we can't do, rather than what we can do, and instead of growing morose and despondent over opportunities either real or imaginary that are shut from us, let us rejoice at the many unexplored fields in which there is unlimited fame and fortune to the successful explorer and upon which there is no color line; simply the survival of the fittest.

I am sure no earnest searcher for truth can carefully read Darwin's "Origin of Species," Gray's "Darwiniana," Punnett's "Mendelism and Mendelian Laws" together with the wonderful work of Luther Burbank, the "Veritable Wizard of the West," without becoming more conscious that almost endless possibilities lie before all who fit themselves for plant breeders.

While I am writing this article, I have before me a persimmon, of the Japanese type, that is as large as a half dozen of our common native varieties, yet our native varieties vary in size, color and flavor showing that they may be easily improved. A short time ago, I read in the papers of a man in Indiana who caught

the idea, began the improvement of the wild persimmon, and is now making a fortune selling improved persimmons.

The wild grape in all its varieties is susceptible to improvement, and especially the Muscadine types.

We have no apples that are thoroughly satisfactory on the high dry uplands of Alabama, a fortune awaits the producer, it can and will be done.

The finest wild plums in the world are native here, yet all of the cultivated sorts are introduced from other sections of the country. The same may be said of our fruits, the introductions are nearly all, more or less unsatisfactory. What is true of the fruits is equally true of flowers; the woods and fields abound in the most charming flowers, that furnish never ending delight to the lovers of the beautiful.

The poet could do nothing more fitting than to weave into song and story, the glories of the Englantine, and the Cherokee Roses, the latter of which is enviable in foliage and the acme of perfection in single roses. Each is susceptible of high development.

The whole country is waiting anxiously to reward the person who will originate a long staple variety of cotton, equal to the Sea Island, that will thrive on upland.

In the short staple a more prolific variety is desired, corn, wheat, oats, rye, and all of the small grains, together with peas, beans, potatoes, pumpkins, in fact the farm and garden crops in general may be greatly improved as to quantity, quality and adaptability.

There is a surprisingly small number of systematic plant breeders in the country, and nearly every section depends upon introductions as a matter of improvement. Occasionally some fruits and vegetables are found that are superior to the types grown, but as a rule they are the best when confined to the locality in which they originated. This work does not require a large plantation, only a few acres of land; nor a fortune of money to begin with. These are the chief requisites of success: (a) An intimate and working knowledge of botany; (b) a

keen eye to detect at once the slightest variation, suppressing undesirable, encouraging and fixing desirable characters.

This is a field of activity that is destined to become more popular every year; the world demands better fruits, flowers, and a higher quality and greater quantity of field and garden crops.

This is about the only line of activity open alike to all, and in which there can be no hurtful competition. This work is delightful and quite adapted to women.

Nothing would please me more than to see hundreds of my people putting upon the market every year, superior fruits, flowers, and garden vegetables of their own production and reap the fabulous sums the world is ever ready to give to the producer of superior products.

BOOKER WASHINGTON

BY LOUISE CASS EVANS

HOW more than brave and passing wise,
He holds his majesty of place!
No cringing coward of craven fears:
His eye is clear; his vision lies
Beyond the prejudice of race—
Beyond the surface of the years.

Strong prophet of the Ethiop—
A modern Moses come to lead
A people into broader ways;
His steps are through the Gates of Hope—
His life conforms unto their need
By virtue of telestic days.

And be thy prayer, oh dusky race,
A prayer that ye may follow him,
And stand where he would have ye stand!
That ye may tread the master's pace,
And through rough places, gray and dim,
Emerge into the Promised Land!

EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

CONDUCTED BY JOSEPHINE S. YATES, A.M.

Professor of English and History, Lincoln Institute. Honorary President
National Association of Colored Women

A STUDY OF EDUCATION'S TRIUMPHS

BY MISS JOSEPHINE E. HOLMES

E DUCATION may be defined as the process of drawing out one's powers of thought, and the training of those powers along lines physical, mental and moral. It is all embracing, requiring activity of the receptive faculties which are physiologically called the five senses. Education has no limitive dates and going through human time reaches its perfect consummation only in eternity. Its divisions might be thus stated in detail by observing that in its developments are included the entire records of the intellectual and moral culture of mankind at all periods and in all countries. Education would further include a summary of human life in its various literary, political and scientific manifestations. One says, "It would reveal the causes so numerous and so different which act upon the characters of men and which, modifying a common endowment, produce beings as different as a contemporary of Pericles and a modern European; a Frenchman of the Middle Ages and a Frenchman before the Revolution." The essence of all education is thought;

and thought is an emanation from God, Who in Himself spiritualized the first great thought. The Christ of God has transmitted this thought to man who from his conscious creation until now the latest cycle in time has applied it as a director of his impulses and actions to a greater or less degree. Thus from time immemorial thought developed subjectively has shaped and directed objectively man's latent abilities which process in its results must be called education. That it possesses elements of vitality is apparent when it is noted that those peoples of the earth who have lived the best and noblest lives have been the ones in whose every pursuit the strongest effects of education have been most clearly seen. From the gray dawn of historical time, there has never ceased the warring between mind and matter, manifest in the struggle between Christianity and paganism; between barbarism, with its satellites of cruelty, debauchery, lethargy, and civilization, with its blessings of inventions for making life comfortable as well as its marvelous advancement in the dissemination of Christianity's principles and its progress in art and science. Of this struggle between mind and matter, one writer says, "I am not discouraged

by the objection that the laborer if encouraged to give time and strength to the elevation of his mind will starve himself and impoverish the country, when I consider the energy and efficiency of the mind. The highest force in the universe is mind. This created the heavens and earth; this has converted the wilderness in fruitfulness, and linked distant countries in a beneficent ministry to one another's wants." It is not to brute force, to physical strength, as much as to art, to skill, to intellectual energy, to moral stamina, that men owe their mastery of the world. It is simply mind triumphant over matter or intellect stately stepping through a universe of ignorance, and education the monarch over realms of chaos and stupidity. A rapid survey and hurried study of the educational instincts of some of the peoples of the earth next invites attention. The Hindu Brahmanistic idea was to crush out all spontaneity, to scorn individual effort by preaching a creed of absolute self-enunciation; of voluntary self-abasement, and every man was taught to hold life in abject contempt. The education of the Hindoos was received by the priestly class only and was so intermingled with their religious life that to study the one is to know the other. The priests instructed the people that religion consisted in a continual giving up; hence the parent who most unflinchingly threw his child to the crocodiles in the sacred Ganges; who most fearfully mutilated his body during some ceremony or most stolidly gave up life on a funeral pyre was certainly the most religious and, we take it, that if education had been permitted that class such an one might have

seen the truest votary of Hindoo education. The system taught by Buddha did not change materially from that advanced by Brahma. In both, the principles were unphilosophic and Pagan throughout and men turned from them with loathing and disgust under the light even of only the Middle Ages.

There could be no triumphant element in such education, for while these theories debased men in both body and soul, they completely paralyzed women's uplift by withholding from them any share in any kind of education. They were regarded as mere things, with no mind to train, no heart to aspire. Yet, with no stretch of the imagination, one can clearly see the finger of Providence in this withholding instruction from these ancient women of the East. In fullness of time, Christ was coming to teach a doctrine which took them from the position of harlots in a harem, and placed them upon an intellectual basis with men; a doctrine which enunciated the then startling truth that mind in woman and her body the soul's temple were as capable of expansion and as spiritual as man's. Herein lies the advantage, not having learned the theories which had stultified and debased the men of the East for ages, the women had nothing to unlearn. So to-day, and for many days past, the principles of Christ have been flying throughout old India and the women are the most joyful carriers and recipients.

Turning to the ancient Jews, it has been said, "If ever a people demonstrated the power of education, it is the people of Israel." In truth, a remarkable fact is to be considered when one notes that this people has been driven

out of its home for nineteen centuries and dispersed among the various nations of the earth. Thus without a home, government, or ruler it has not lost its identity but still maintains its existence and clings to its habits, manners and faith with an energy that knows no flagging.

What accounts for this solidarity among the Jews? First, one must take into account their vitality—a chief characteristic, due in part to natural endowments. Second, their “stick-to-it-iveness” of temperament and their almost incomprehensible activity of intelligence. But, by far, the greater part of this solidarity is due to the triumphs of sound education both religious and secular, the principles of which have been transmitted traditionally and otherwise from the ancient Israelites to their descendants. In earlier days, their teachers were regarded as little less than divine and were called the guardians of the city. The most exacting requirements were made of them, but the respect, protection, and love which the parents gave them was unlimited. These parents were searchingly particular about the domestic life of the instructors of their children and the Rabbins, a certain sect of the Jews would have no male teacher unless a married man. They had neither respect for, nor confidence in teachers who at the same time were not heads of families. In making a comparison to bear out their theory, they used these singular words, “He who learns of a master not tempered by marriage is like a man who eats green fruit and drinks new wine but he who learns of a mature master to whom the joys of family life are revealed is like a man who eats ripe fruit

and drinks wine, mellowed and softened by many years.”

Leaving the Jews, it is found that the Chinese have boasted of an educational system dating back for several thousand years before Christ. Eastern and northern Asia was the home where history found the yellow peoples chief of whom were the Chinese. In times exceedingly remote, they had begun a civilization more advanced than any around them. Only Egyptian civilization surpassed that of the Chinese in point of time. Yet China, known then as Cathay, exerted but little influence political or national, and her educational influence was no greater.

Two thousand years before Christ, the Chinese people knew how to print, but up to this time very little improvement has been made on the cumbrous way then employed. Education is more general among the Chinese than among any other pagan people, but it has few triumphs because, as a rule, they have shown themselves dead to all methods new and progressive. They are a people whose self satisfaction is extreme and most of them look with hate upon our great western civilization, which civilization is but the outcome of a very aggressive and revolutionizing system of education.

Again, in China, from times of earliest record, scholarship has been made the basis for obtaining place in the civil service, but that scholarship consists principally of a knowledge of the sacred books, consequently, there is no such thing as education for pure and elevated learning's sake. It is all made subservient to the examinations. Besides, in that

land over which the dowager Empress holds sway, all things are regulated by tradition. She herself is a relic of the past, though recently she gave more than \$35,000 to the cause of modern education for Chinese women.

Yet withal, it is safe to say that with the exception of missionary training in China, its youth are taught practically as they were three thousand years ago. Little progress could be made under such conditions. Education to thrive and culminate must be scattered over a soil where freedom of thought, method, and expression are denied no man.

This bar sinister of exclusiveness and self-satisfaction, however, is removed when crossing the separating sea, one studies the neighbors and kinsmen of the Chinese, the all enduring and wiry little Japs. The differences in the educational triumphs of the two peoples are as marked as though an ocean and two continents were between them. Herein may be seen the inclinations and disinclinations of people springing from a common stock and with the same racial proclivities but whose diversions and divergencies give cause for ethnological and philosophical study. The Japs have welcomed everything educational from the West. They have adopted with eagerness, methods and systems formulated in England and America. Their greatest scholars may be called the products of western schools. The wife of Japan's bravest general was educated at Vassar College, and throughout our own north country are Japanese boys and girls imbibing American culture, thus fitting themselves to westernize their country more than ever before in its history. Des-

tiny is working in it all. The Orient and Occident are through these brave little people coming into national and loving touch. With American educational aid and political endorsement, Japan will yet be able to work out a glorions consummation of destiny. Japan, little queen of the sea, you gave practical proof of education's triumphant march within your fertile realm during the late war, with Russia by your hospitals, equipped with all modern appliances for caring for the sick and wounded; by your corps of trained nurses surpassed by none; by your knowledge of how to prevent disease among your soldiery and the ease with which you prepared for warfare. You educated all the nations of the world by the marvelous endurance of your soldiers and your knowledge of weapons was found to be remarkable. But more convincing by far was your educational supremacy over things military on sea and land shown by the rapidity with which you extracted the poison out of scratch of the Russian bear. Yes, Russia, you with your millions of population and money, you who boasts the richest sovereign in the world yet over whose head hangs the dread pall of assassination and within whose borders no high official's life is safe from the terrorist and revolutionist, you trembled and fled before the military Jiu Jitsu of the Japanese while he not only made firm his hold upon Manchuria but added to himself other territory. But, aggressive little Japan, let not your head get heavy with that success. Ominous mutterings of your warlike intentions toward America fill some newspapers. Perhaps the San Francisco episode still rankles

within you. However, only a short time ago, one of your leading bankers declared that all this war talk is yellow journalism. Let it be so, because if you attack the province of Uncle Sam, the land which has done and is doing so much for you, all your Russian success will be as nothing.

Attempting a study of education's triumphs among that proud race—the Anglo Saxon, one is simply amazed at the panorama. From the misty dawn of historic time, it has steadily carved the names of heroes, master-builders, inventors, and scholars in its hall of fame. History found this people settled after the Aryan dispersion in the fertile valley of the Nile with wonderful monuments and great cities built; with powerful monarchies established and strong, though the oft-times cruel rulers holding sway. Everything has conspired to the greatness of this branch of the Indo-European group of mankind. Endowed by nature with hardihood, perseverance, and, as yet, matchless brain power they have for cycles of ages startled old earth with the brilliancy of their thought and the majesty of their education, as well as by the utility of their inventive genius. Only a history of education, could afford space enough for the details of their educational career in its manifold phases. Generalization shows this spur of the Aryan folk to be supreme in learning. That this supremacy may partly be traced to environment, to superior advantages, and to the dealings of Providence is not to be doubted. Backing up all of this, however, is their stubborn will, which opposition only strengthens, obstacles only stimulate, and which

has never known the word fail. It has not been the rank and file of any division of mankind which has given it marked educational superiority but those individuals who are making themselves votaries of intellectual pursuits and drinking deeply of the Pierian spring—for says Pope “A little learning is a dangerous thing”—throw aside every hindrance and hearkening to learning's wooing voice follow her to sublime heights, from whose pinnacle they ascend into the realm of pure, unadulterated thought.” Such are they who despite material short-comings, stand like gigantic peaks along the intellectual mountain chain of the centuries. Indeed, education has been triumphant among the Anglo Saxon folk when the records of ancient, middle, and modern ages reveal a Socrates, a Plato, an Aristotle, a Demosthenes, a Pericles, a Chaucer, a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Wolsey, a Cromwell, a Pitt, a Chatham, a Gladstone, a Bismarck—men who in the world of letters and trained statesmanship stood supreme in Italy, Greece, and England. Then in America one observes a John Smith, a Jonathan Edwards, a Cotton Mather, a Washington, a Jefferson, a Hamilton, a Franklin, a Garfield, a Cleveland, a McKinley, a John Temple Graves, a Marcus Hanna, a Roosevelt—all exponents of the highest classed education. Philosophically, one is at error in describing effects and drawing conclusions before a cause has had time to mature. Thus when is treated the last but no wise least important folk, in which the triumphs of education are discernible, it must be remembered that as a race, they have been legally free only forty odd years. What

this race achieved in ancient days, if anything, is shrouded in mystery. One writer says, "Africa, south of the Sahara, is the home of the peoples of the black race, but we find them on all the other continents and on many of the islands of the seas, whither they have migrated or been carried as slaves by the stronger races, for since time immemorial they have been 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for their more favored brethren." The historian ceases there and whatever else may be said might be called a matter of conjecture. It is clearly evident that the ethnologically called Negro race is in its period of moulding and God designs it shall take up where some other races are leaving off.

Therefore, prejudice, exhibited in Jim Crowism, mob law, and other discriminations may be its contentions in these formative days just as struggles with the aborigines, wanderings, battling with elements, and cruelty to each other were the contentions of the early Aryan folk.

It were foolish, therefore, to undertake to state the triumphs education will have in the race until settled days come and unborn generations will have time to testify to its capability to supplant adversity with prosperity and to make wisdom the watchword instead of ignorance. Education among Anglo-Saxons antedates that among Negroes for more than a thousand years.

Again, as has been frequently asserted, no other race on God's earth occupies the unique place the Negro does. No other suffering, agonizing bondage derived from it, the good despite the bad, which the black race did.

True, other peoples were enslaved,

which slavery instead of stimulating stupefied body and soul. The enslavement of the Britons meant constant revolutions and mutinies. The Indians have died out upon what the Negroes thrived. And, this same Negro, rose Phoenix-like from the degradation and humiliation of slavery clothed in rags and with a mentality little above that of a child, but so promising is education's first steps in its onward march among them, that there is no vocation he has not entered upon, keeping in sight of those of fairer skin pursuing the same vocations. It is not to the credit of the Negro to say that his educational showings equal those of the Caucasian. It is really to his discredit to claim that he has developed brain powers in forty years equal to those it took the European thousands of years to develop. Such an allegation reflects on Providence, makes God unjust and whimsical, throws the course of events out of its trend and makes the black man a prodigy. Neither of these conclusions will sensible and thoughtful men admit.

Already a glimmering of what education may ultimately do for the black peoples if not hampered by false pride and retarded by what—regretfully detected in some instances—may be likened to Chinese self-satisfaction, can be seen in his accumulation of lands and money, his easy handling of intricate business propositions, and in his superb bearing as a teacher of the classics, mathematics, sciences, no matter how complicated recent research has rendered the sciences. The Negro race nobly begun its hall of fame. Carved there on its tablets must be the names of a Douglass, a Payne, a

Blyden, a Scarborough, a Washington, a Mason, a Bowen, a DuBois, a Turner.

Ages hence, the historian will record these names as some of the first fruits of the struggle of mind over human matter in the Negro race.

PUBLIC OPINION

BY LAURENCE B. TRENT

PUBLIC OPINION is the concentrated effort of the pulpit, the press, and the general public; these are the agencies that largely control public opinion.

A long line of renowned priests, or ministers of the gospel, in which, at the top notch, we find such names as Martin Luther, John Calvin, John Knox, the Wesleys, Henry Ward Beecher, Emerson, Phillips, Brooks, and many others who largely made and controlled the sentiment of the different eras in which they lived, and whose influence, as that of Luther, will continue throughout the ages, illustrates the peculiar power of the pulpit in moulding sentiment and producing ideals. The press, never greater in the power of its might than it is to-day, telegraphs from ocean to ocean the events of a world; unites the continents and the islands of the seas with one common bond of interest; and becomes the strongest ally in the Parliament of Nations, International Arbitration and Universal Peace. The general public, around the fireside, in the field and in the forum, by free and easy discussion of the great themes discussed by pulpit and press puts before the masses and before the submerged tenth, truths that would reach them in no other way and from no other source.

The recent victory for decent, whole-

some meat, and for other pure food laws may be traced to Upton Sinclair's unforgettable book, "The Jungle," which, with the most remorseless realism, laid bare the unspeakable conditions under which certain food products were prepared; for as a result a series of investigations were at once made under the direction of the President, and we witnessed the passage of the Beveridge Meat Inspection Bill, which as a law went in force October 1, 1906; and on January 1, 1907, the long desired pure food law became effective. Here the power of public opinion was swift and to the point, and Sinclair's book becomes part of a nation's history, to be classed with "The Bread Winners in America," or with Dicken's "Little Dorritt" and Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children in England,"—such is the power of the press, in a forceful book, a ringing article, or a poem filled with "Thoughts that breath and words that burn."

Every strike is a voice from the masses; 'tis the voice not of one, but of many, "crying in the wilderness," and, making itself heard above the clangor and roar of machinery, we find from time to time new laws enacted for the protection of labor. Every lookout is a call from the corporations for the protection of capital; and gradually we see coming, that fine adjustment of capital and labor, known as "profit sharing." What is bringing it about? The power of public opinion. What will bring about proper legislation for the abolition of child labor in factories? Public opinion, as directed from the pulpit, by divines of whom Gunsalus, Parkhurst and Hillis

are types ; by articles in such standard and world renowned periodicals as the North American Review, Harpers, Atlantic Monthly, etc. In other words by the concentrated force of public opinion.

RUDOLPH VIRCHOW'S CONTRIBUTION TO CIVILIZATION.

BY ARTHUR J. BUCKNER.

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime ;
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

SUCCESS in one's life work does not consist in the mere gratification of personal ambition, not in the accumulation of wealth, nor in satiating our desires to become famous in wisdom, in oratory, or in statesmanship. "The highest success," says Thayer, "is achieved by making the most of one's opportunities and environment." Men have lived and have died, and the nature of their existence was such that the world has not been made better or brighter by their having lived in it. On the pages of their life is stamped no mark of virtue or of achievement by which to classify them as deserving a place in the classic halls of fame. We read with increasing enthusiasm accounts of the great battles of Thermopylæ, of Balaaklava and of Gettysburg ; our hearts burn with patriotic pride when the story of Dewey and his victory in Manila harbor is rehearsed ; but to-night our attention is attracted to the life of a man against whose name must be placed "the fatal asterisk of death ;" a man whose name will henceforth be inscribed in letters of gold upon the pages of history—that of Rudolph Virchow.

Just as the first half of the Nineteenth

century began its decline,—in a pleasant little home in Schivelbien, Pomerania—while certain arts and inventions as known to the world of to-day were yet in their infancy—a being destined to be great, was ushered into existence and christened Rudolph Virchow.

It is true that some men are born great ; some have greatness thrust upon them ; while others, by their individual efforts, carve out their own destiny.

We see the boy, Virchow, with his associates in the gymnasium at Schivelbien performing feats of strength by which physical and mental growth are produced. Perhaps, even then, dreams of fame, of vast learning, tickled the boy's imagination.

Leaving the gymnasium at seventeen, he pursued the study of medicine in Berlin, receiving in 1843, as a reward for his untiring efforts, the degree of "Unterarzt." Providence smiled upon him and in 1847 we find him as an external lecturer in Pathology at the Berlin University and Pro-sector at the "Charite Hospital."

That a man must rise against opposition was no less true in Virchow's youth than it is to-day. When he made his famous report on Typhus Epidemic among the Silesian weavers, not only did he attract public attention and win for himself the distrust of loyalty, but he was expelled from his position.

Well has Longfellow sung,—

The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flights.
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.

The world's approbation is not always obtained by a person as soon as he has

done something praiseworthy, but when Virchow produced his celebrated work, "Cellular Pathology," the barricades of popular dissension were rapidly removed, and he stood before the world, a victor, to whom had been erected a lasting monument of fame.

Two centuries ago, the world was driven to battle at the point of the sword; warfare was looked upon as the most honorable profession. To-day the pen is declared to be, "Mightier than the sword," and the reins of the universe are held in the mighty grasp of thought. Man has delved into the interior of Mother Earth and has extracted precious metals from her rich mines; he has penetrated the dark chasms of ocean and has plundered their hoarded treasure; he has snatched the lightning from the clouds and has chained it to his service; he has probed into the heart of philosophy and has secured her hidden secrets; but Virchow stops not here. He delves into the machinisms of that most intricate of all machines—the human body, and proves that the cell in the body is the unit of life and that every cell is the outgrowth of another. He plunges with equally increasing zeal into the realms of bacteriology and antiseptic surgery and makes marvelous discoveries. Upon inflammation of blood vessels, the human skull, cerebral substances; upon embolisms, tuberculosis, diphtheria, and many other subjects, he uses the pen and displays the knowledge of a specialist.

Espousing the cause of his suffering fellow-beings, Virchow endeavored to spread a knowledge of science among the middle classes. The display of his knowledge was not confined to the class-

room alone and well may it be said that he was the instructor of the public at large. Virchow brought about the popular support of museums throughout Germany and elsewhere, either by his own initiative, or by the support which his prestige brought him. Sincere, unassuming, absorbed in his study, not in self, literally crammed with information, profound and penetrating in thought, plain in utterance—the embodiment of accurate knowledge and sound judgment—Virchow stands out as a beacon light to stimulate each youthful mariner on life's tempestuous sea. The silent clay—his mortal remnant—long since has become insensible to panegyric, but we who remain are joint heirs of the pleasant memories of his achievements throughout an honorable and distinguished life.

The scenes of ancient history have become dimmed through the lapse of ages; but, as through rifts in the clouds we beheld radiant beams of the sun, so, through the mists of time here and there gleam forth illustrious names as stars in the firmament of fame. France may boast of Pasteur; England, of Harvey; America, of Edison; and in like manner, Germany, raising her arm in triumphant praise, may unfurl to the world an ensign bearing the name of that noble leader, discoverer and genius—Rudolph Virchow.

POETRY OF THE BIBLE

BY MAYZELL WILLIAMS

IN literature, we find one division from which every human being may derive pleasure, when it is read personally, or, when it is recited by others. This division is poetry, the language of universal

emotions reduced to rhythm. Concentrated in poetry, one finds the elements and influences which touch the soul universal, blend it with the spiritual essence from which it came.

And where shall we expect to find more beautiful and more exalted poetry than that of the Hebrew Scriptures, whose writers were fired by the divine inspiration? Filled with humility and beauty of soul, these writers gave forth the inspired word of God with such simplicity that even a child may delight in and understand it. Search the world over and you find no poetry so rich in figures and with such beauty and sublimity of expression as the Psalms of David, the Songs of Solomon, the Tragedy of Job, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, of Amos, and the Prophecies of Isaiah and other seers of those primitive ages.

Let us look more minutely at the Psalms of David, as an example of lyrical poetry, and we find that they possess a breadth of style, beauty of form and range of thought, that immediately impress one with their divine origin and truth. Read for instance, the third Psalm and one's soul is filled with joy and happiness, for it is a morning hymn of praise and expresses in purest tones David's exalting assurance that the Lord will hear and help him out of deepest distress.

Leaving the inspiring Psalms, we turn to the Canticles. Of all the poetry of the Bible these are the most strikingly Oriental in display of figures and profuseness of ornamentation. Listen, as their author thus addresses an Oriental

maiden, possibly, allegorically speaking,—the church.

How beautiful are thy feet with shoes
O prince's daughter!
The joints of thy thighs are like jewels,
The work of the hands of a cunning workman!
Thy neck is as a tower of ivory;
Thine eyes like the fish pools of Heshbon.
Thy nose is as a tower of Lebanon
Which looketh toward Damascus
How fair, and how pleasant art thou
O love, for delights.

Says Victor Hugo,—“Supreme art is the region of equals, there is no primacy among master-pieces,” hence Æschylus, Job, Phidias, Isaiah, Saint Paul, Juvenal, Dante, Michael Angelo, Rabelais, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Rembrandt, with some others, rise to the hundredth degree of genius.” And we may add that in that galaxy of masterpieces, the tragedy of Job stands second to none in its vivid portrayal of human suffering. From the prologue, in which Job's prosperity and godly character are shown, and Satan, typical of evil, is sent to bereave him of his worldly goods, of his children and of health, through the discussions that follow, in which his three so-called friends prove themselves miserable comforters,—to the epilogue,—in which we find Job at last triumphant over sorrow, suffering and sin, the interest is unflagging; and to quote again from Hugo, “The entire poem is a development of that sublime idea, the greatness that may be found at the bottom of the pit.”

Time and space prevent a full discussion of other forms of Biblical poetry to which we have made reference; but we briefly allude to the prophet of sorrow, Jeremiah, whose lamentations are familiarly known as the “Jeremiad,” a term

which in modern times serves to designate any piteous wail, for the shortcomings of a people. The burden of Jeremiah is the utter woe and misery of the Hebrews as in deepest sorrow he breaks forth, -

"Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

In Jeremiah as elsewhere in the Hebrew Scriptures examples of forcible

poetry multiply: and one finds in the evangelistic phrasing of Isaiah, in the prayers of Amos and other prophets a rich reward for the student of literature and the casual reader, as well as for the devoutly inclined, for here prevail strength, beauty, grandeur and sublimity of expression. Hence one may safely conclude that before the poetry of the Bible, the works of Homer, Dante, Skakespeare and other masters of poetic art pale into comparative insignificance.

SITTIN' BY DE FIAH

BY AUBREY BOWSER

DE day am black an' sto'my, en de rain am po'in' down,
Seems des lak rivahs fum de sky a springin',
It's neah ez da'k ez midnight, 'cause de clouds am all aroun',
But Ah's sittin' by de fiah, des a singin'.

De wintah am a comin' on, en soon it will be col'
De birds'll soon all southward be a wingin'—
En how I's gwine ter live it out—dunno, I ain't been tol'
But Ah's sittin' by de fiah, des a singin'.

Ain't got much bread'n meat to eat, ain't got a bit o' coal,
But Ah's got mah banjo hyeah, an' it am a-ringin';
Dunno how soon, dunno how late, dem clouds away will roll
Cause Ah's sittin' by de fiah, des a singin'.

Doan kyah how gloomy comes de day, doan kyah how black de sky,
Ah'll mek de dya'kies git dey feet a flingin',
Do' wintah's days am da'k, de summah's comin' by an' by,
An' I'll keep sittin' by de fiah, des a singin'.

De Lawd ain't gwine ter let me sta've, he doan inten me to
Ez long ez to His bressed Cross Ah's clingin',
An' somehow, by His loving grace, Ah'll live de wintah thu'
A-sittin' by de fiah, des a-singin'.

"Honor To Whom Honor Is Due"

The Store Made Famous Throughout These United States of America and a Portion of the Eastern Hemisphere by the Untiring efforts of E. H. Faulkner, proprietor, who was the Man Behind the Gun



WHILE race sympathy is being destroyed by the criminal acts of some Negroes, it is a very pleasant thing to digress from the darker side, and read the story of other members of the race, who have made their way in an honorable manner up the "Hill of Success." E. H. Faulkner had no guide post pointing him the way on the road of fame, nor sacks of gold to uphold him. Nothing but bulldog grit, a dogged determination to be something, save something and have something, has made him the greatest and the largest colored newspaper dealer in the world. He has no equal among his race, and but few among the whites. During the past fifteen years I have known personally something of the character of which I speak. Therefore I know that what I say about him is true. I have watched and marked his career and often notice have come to me of the struggles of his life in which he was the victor. I saw him active in literary and Christian societies; very prominent in our various clubs, interested in everything that pertains to the advancement of the race, and the building up of character.

Notice this spirit in him that stands out prominently before the citizens of

his community—the spirit of industry. He has never lost a valuable moment. Work to him was cherished as honorable, therefore he no no shirking. His motto was "To make good wherever he was employed." And in this way he was able to take care of the business that came to him later. Noticing the details, watching daily the little things that came up for distribution, and attending strictly to his correspondence and his business is the cause of his success. He sells more Negro journals in a year than all of the other colored news dealers in America combined. He sells more magazines and has been the best medium of exchange as a self help in making patrons for Negro literature in the world. Faulkner's news department, 3105 State street, has kept the fire kindled in the bosom of the learned and driven out the sluggishness of the drone. He, by his untiring efforts and well directed energy, has inspired men, Negro men, and men who were not disposed to read the writings of their own people, to look upon their authors with pride and to increase their field of labor by purchasing the books written by them.

In fact, his store is a bureau of information upon race topics and a perfect informer to the young student who

wishes to debate any subject of interest upon this line.

Mr. Faulkner has acknowledged receipts amounting to twenty-two dollars (\$22), twenty-five dollars (\$25) and thirty dollars (\$30) from prominent persons in London employed for Negro literature. He has exchanged receipts with the Republic of Liberia, the Philippines and the West Indies. He does not ask for newspaper notoriety, but gets it now and then. I must tell you about the quality of some of our young men and women who seem to be obscure. Having had the great pleasure of knowing Mr. E. H. Faulkner, proprietor of this establishment, which is the best in Chicago, I have had a chance to note his efforts in forging to the front. He started out in the 29th block of the south side of the city and thence went to the west side of the 31st block and then across to the east side to his present position. I am compelled to say that after all development of the mind and the cultivation of matter depends a great deal upon the mold in which it hovers. When active in the Christian Endeavor work I used to see him on his way to the sick room burdened with flowers, words of good cheer with a little money to comfort them. I have met him talking to young men in various parlors of our homes advising, encouraging, stimulating and strengthening them. I have seen him wearing the garb of a Pullman porter. Laying aside this uniform he took upon himself the responsibility of business. You can find in his establishment newspapers from every part of the civilized world, Liberia, Sierra Leone,

Africa and England, Cuba and the West India Islands. You can find some 275 different journals published in these United States of America with numbers of magazines, periodicals and pamphlets. Adjunct to this department is his notion and stationery department which meets the wishes of the patronage of any community.

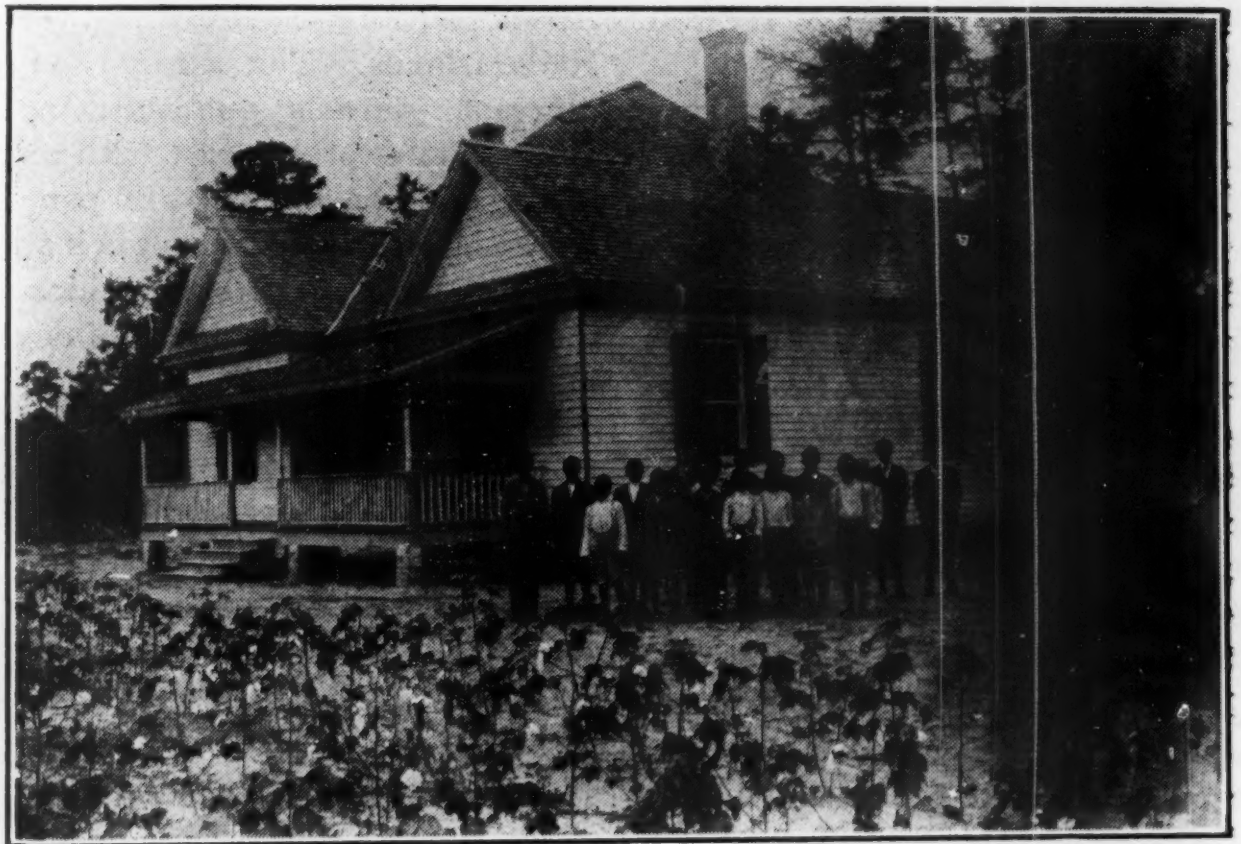
His place is cheerful and accommodating. Have you met him? If not call and see him, and inspect the place yourself. I can recall and if permitted I could give you the names of three physicians, one specialist, two surgeons, two chiropodists, one dentist and four business men and others who have been and are now holding good positions who were given the chance to make good by working for him and with him.

He is a Forrester and a non-commissioned officer of the Eighth Regiment National Guards of Illinois. He wears a badge of honor. His success has caused others to follow, but Faulkner still leads, and why not? Again may I say why not?

The following lines from the pen of Mr. Faulkner have been his inspiration. His close application to the sentiments expressed and his belief in the value of Negro publications as an educator have been the secret of his success.

The great wide world's opportunity of to-day
Is open to the young generation,
Wake up! Hasten! Don't delay
Start this year with some determination.

Be up and doing while it is daylight
Before night overtakes you,
Pull off your coat if it is too tight
When you work, it will not hurt you.



REFORM SCHOOL FOR WAYWARD BOYS, MT. MEIGS, ALABAMA

Child Saving in Alabama

BY JOSEPHINE T. WASHINGTON



RECENT issue of a well-known race weekly sounded a "warning to club women" based on the prognostications of one Dr. Thomas Hunt Stucky, of Louisville, Kentucky. The learned doctor is quoted as saying, "The manner of life of the ordinary club woman of to-day is helping to ruin her digestion."

The editorial comment expresses the opinion that "the ordinary card games played in the average club or social

function are a drain on the nervous vitality of women."

Afro-American club women may well stand aghast at this statement. The ordinary club woman devoting herself to cards. The extraordinary one, forsooth, if any at all. Such may be the clubs of the idle rich, of the self-indulgent votaries of fashion; and doubtless there are, in some of the large cities, Afro-American women who ape the follies of this class, but the average club woman, certainly the club woman of this section, is a creature of another

type. The colored woman's club is an eleemosynary organization. There may be a social feature and some attention may be given to self-culture, but these are secondary aims. The main purposes are to relieve suffering, to reclaim the erring, and to advance the cause of education.

Down here in Alabama many forms of altruistic work are carried on, with varying degrees of success. Here and there may be found an organization that adopts some special work, entailing much labor and expense, yet maintains it with unflagging zeal and devotion. Such a club is the Sojourner Truth Club of this city, that maintains a free reading room which it established four years ago. Our City Federation supports an infirmary for the aged and invalid. These and kindred facts indicate the spirit of service characteristic of Afro-American clubs.

It may be interesting to your readers, however, to learn something of a work which has been undertaken by the Alabama State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs. This is a reform school for wayward boys. This movement originated ten years ago with a little band of women, under the gentle leadership of Miss Anna Duncan, until her death a teacher in the Montgomery public schools. Meetings were held from house to house and plans discussed for saving the youth. The hearts of these mothers and daughters ached over the boys of tender age who, convicted of petty misdemeanors, were sent to penitentiaries and mines, to be herded with hardened and contaminating criminals.

As club life grew and strengthened in

Alabama, and a State Federation was formed, the movers of the reformatory idea, recognizing the magnitude of their undertaking, urged its adoption by the state organization. Then followed years of planning, of educating public sentiment, and of more or less strenuous efforts to raise money and to realize the hope of a Reform School. At one time a gift of land was accepted, but the land was found to be encumbered and a legal deed could not be secured. This was a severe blow to this band of struggling women who had thought themselves so near the goal. Nothing daunted, however, they bravely faced the situation and started anew to raise funds for the purchase of land and the erection and equipment of a building. The clubs were asked to send fifty dollars each to the next annual convention. A few complied with this request; many did not succeed in raising the amount, and a few others volunteered the information that they had the money ready to hand in after something definite was done. In time this last class was convinced that it was their duty to turn over funds held for this purpose and so aid in making it possible to "do something"; more money was accumulated; and, at a memorable meeting held in Birmingham eighteen months ago, it was decided to buy twenty acres of land twelve miles from Montgomery. This location is not only central, but, being easily accessible to the capital, it was hoped that legislators might be induced to visit the institution and so be led to favor a State appropriation for its maintenance.

At the Selma meeting, a year later, a superintendent was employed. Already

the executive board had appointed a building committee, and the work of building had begun. At this gathering, which was more than usually well attended, the greatest enthusiasm and unanimity of purpose prevailed. Most of the clubs had met all the requirements of the State organization. Some had done more than was asked of them. The Gulf City Woman's Club brought in \$100. Ministers and other leading men in attendance on the meeting expressed gratification at the progress the cause was making, and promised hearty co-operation.

On August 18, the reformatory was opened. The cottage was still unfinished and the most scanty furnishings were on hand. Judge Feagan, of Birmingham, who has shown a marked interest in the salvation of the Negro boy, had written urgently, asking that a number of boys brought before his court be accepted as inmates of the school. If not taken promptly, they would have to be sent to the penitentiary.

So the superintendent was authorized to go for them, and he brought them home to Mt. Meigs. Home!—poor little outcasts, chained, rebellious, terror-stricken, the word had no meaning nor charm for them. No one would have dreamed then of the change which a few months of kind and humane treatment would make in their appearance, as well as in their demeanor.

The home or school, to which these boys were taken and in which twenty boys now live with Superintendent Tyrrel, is a five room cottage, painted white, with green blinds, set in a clearing and surrounded by a thick grove which, when I saw it on Thanksgiving Day was

ablaze with glory, of autumn tints. Like most Southern cottages, it has a hall running through the house. The back part of this hall is separated from the front part by a screened door, and is used as a dining-room and a sitting-room. There are front and back galleries, the back gallery being latticed and having a door that is furnished with lock and key. Here the boys may sit or play on warm evenings. The rooms are not yet fully furnished, but the boys have pretty white iron bedsteads and are supplied with clean and comfortable, though coarse, bedding. Superintendent Tyrrel kindly furnished his own room.

The superintendent is a man who has had unusual advantages of education and travel, yet he is eminently practical and makes no odds of doing and teaching the most common kinds of labor. He has had experience in this sort of work, having been connected with a reform institution in Virginia before coming to this State. His remarkable success in dealing with boys was strikingly demonstrated during the few months he filled a temporary vacancy in the Mt. Meigs Village School, a Hampton offshoot in this vicinity.

The boys in the reformatory were committed by Alabama courts, most of them from the court presided over by Judge Feagan, who has been mentioned already. At its last sitting the Alabama Legislature repealed the Juvenile Court Law, on the grounds that the ends of justice were defeated by the prevalence of lying in connection with the age of the youthful law-breaker. At the discretion of the court, however, boys may be sent to a reform school, if there is such a place to

receive them. At East Lake, near Birmingham, there is a commodious and well-appointed reform school for white boys. At the last meeting of the Legislature \$50,000 was appropriated to this institution. No provision is made for colored boys. Leading white men, members of the last Legislature, when approached on this subject by representatives from the State Federation, told the women that there was too much legislation at this session to give the matter attention, but that they would certainly give it support at the next session—four years hence.

In the meantime the cottage is filled to its utmost capacity, these children to remain there until reformed, or until grown; then passing into homes or into the great world of employment, they will make way for other unfortunate waifs. Oh, happy fate for these ill-starred little ones! Saved from the slavery of an iniquitous prison system, they are busy, happy, loving and being loved; with God's blue sky above their heads, the fields and woods about them, and the glad voices of nature in their ears. There are so many things they have to be taught—to be clean, decent, self-respecting, regardful of the rights of others, diligent in study, faithful in the performance of tasks; even some things that most of us seem to breathe in, not knowing when or how we learn them.

"Do you know anything about God, son?" a little fellow was asked.

"Yas, Marse; he is a big white man who lives up North and sot the nigger free!"

It is pleasant to be able to record that these children already show signs of im-

provement. There are but few attempts to run away. They respond readily to kindness and are quick to take on the ways of civilized life. Some of them may be trusted, even, to do errands at the village store, "a good piece" away from the school, to use the country vernacular. The superintendent's methods of management places responsibility upon a boy as soon as there are encouraging signs, and the more trustworthy boys help in the care and training of the others. They like to have visitors and enjoy the talks and songs that sometimes mark the occasion. They know some jubilee songs and sing them with great gusto, led by one of their number, who seems to have the spirit of leadership as well as of music. When an attempt was made by a recent visitor to teach them the "Glory Song," they showed the usual race readiness in "catching on" to new tunes.

The need of such an institution is generally conceded, and this effort on the part of the womanhood of the state meets with approval from all classes. The Journal, the leading evening daily of Montgomery, in a recent issue quoted lengthily from an interview with the superintendent and said, "The institution is doing a noble work." The school has won the good opinion of the citizens of Mt. Meigs, although at first there were protests against its being located there. In four years the Legislature reassembles. Then we trust that an appropriation will be made, so that the work may be enlarged and placed on a stable foundation. In the meantime our women, supported by loyal husbands and fathers and brothers, must carry this load.

FISK UNIVERSITY

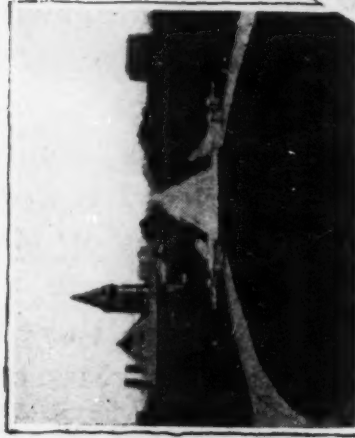
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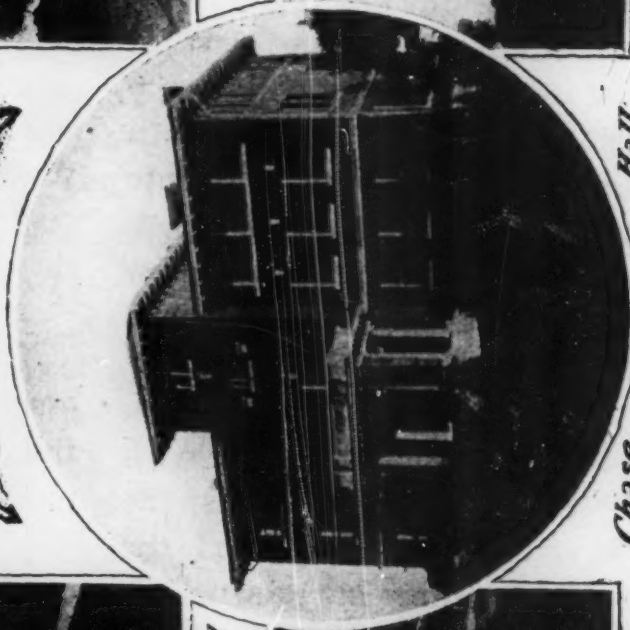
Treasurer



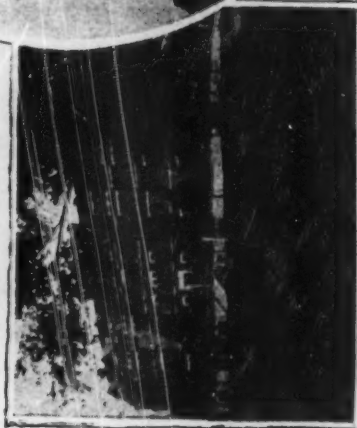
Looking from Jubilee Hall



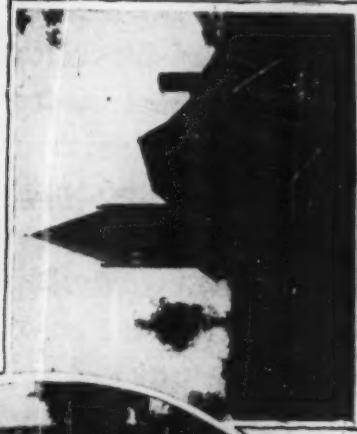
Jubilee Hall



Chase Hall
The New Science Building



Livingstone Hall



Fisk Memorial Chapel

Fisk University



ISK UNIVERSITY, the oldest and largest colored university, is nearly forty-three years old. It was established on the American basis, "dedicated to the proposition" that the colored youth should have the very best education that he can take and make use of. For thirty-six years it has had a college course, of which its friends are justly proud. It has a first-class student body, a competent faculty, a fine plant, and a prosperous alumni.

The college department, mentioned above, has had graduates every year but one since 1875. It now has enrolled 127 pupils. After graduation their diploma will admit them without examination to the Harvard professional schools and other institutions requiring a college degree for entrance. A graduate of Fisk has secured an A. M. at Yale in one year after receiving his A. B. from Fisk.

Not only do the Fisk College graduates have a good education, but they make use of it. They work along the line of their college education to a larger degree than do the graduates of the majority of the other colleges of the land. A careful roster is kept of the vocations of Fisk alumni, and those who make a careful study of it from year to year express surprise and gratification at the achievements of those who have received the Fisk diploma. Among

others who have publicly done this is President Eliot of Harvard University. So the argument cannot be urged against Fisk that her graduates fail to "make good." And the future graduates of Fisk, the present undergraduates, give all promise of doing as well as their predecessors.

The student body of Fisk, indeed, is of the highest order. This is true because they are the pick of the South. The faculty receive many more applications for admission than they are able to grant. So they can select only the best from those who desire to matriculate. The vast majority of those who enter very soon become possessed of the "Fisk spirit"—education for service. This motto guides all the activities of the institution. Many who are unable to complete the college course because of age or pecuniary trouble or upholding this banner of their beloved school as loyally as those who receive a diploma. They are scattered over the country. Few states in our union are without representatives from Fisk, and there are few which do not send pupils here.

The same loyalty so characteristic of the student body is also displayed by the Faculty. The Faculty of Fisk, which was at the first composed of missionaries from the North, has several colored men and women in its ranks. The old guard, as those who were at Fisk in the sixties were called, have passed away

with one exception, and she, a professor of Latin from the beginning of the college, has recently retired, a beneficiary of the Carnegie foundation.

With one exception Fisk University is in all respects satisfactory. The curriculum has a high standard, the teachers are efficient, the alumni is progressive, and the student body up to date. The university lacks one thing—money. Its endowment is meagre. It is compelled therefore, to rely on yearly collections. Funds have to be secured from friends in the North who believe in the work done in the oldest and largest Negro college in the world. It would take little, comparatively speaking, to endow the school, \$1,000 would endow a scholarship; \$10,000, an instructor's chair; \$30,000, a professor's chair; \$100,000, a department; and \$500,000 would endow the university as now conducted.

We await the beneficence of large minded and financially able men and women. We let our work speak for us, and assure them that their generosity will be productive of the most gratifying results. For of our 287 graduates from the college, 261 are living. One hundred and twenty-one of them are teachers, forty are in business, thirty-eight are



REV. J. G. MERRILL, D. D.
President, Fisk University

doctors, dentists, or druggists, twenty are ministers, nineteen are still studying, twelve are lawyers, six (women) are at the head of their respective homes and; five we cannot locate.

So the school moves forward and upward year by year, aiming to combine in its life the best that it can accomplish in literary, scientific, industrial and pedagogical lines, never for a moment forgetting that its highest aim is to secure a Christ-like life.



The Life In Christ

BY REV. GEORGE GILBERT WALKER



ANY adequate idea of Christianity as an ethical system must be based upon the supernaturalism which is the central factor of its life. The attempt to rationalize the moral life growing out of the Christian system, by leaving out of consideration this supernaturalism, becomes itself highly irrational, from the fact that the Divine supernatural basis of the salvation through Christ is the one rational element about which the doctrines of Jesus are built, from which they draw their efficacy, and from which the progress of the life in Christ becomes a great uplifting force in the development of men. Whatever value may be placed upon cognition or sensation, however we may conceive of our intuition or our experience, no matter from what standpoint we look philosophically upon mind and matter; in fine, regardless of any metaphysic we may have formed to ourselves, we cannot lose sight of the truth that man, the universe, all being is a cosmos whose ultimate reality is spirit.

We find ourselves falling back upon this supernaturalism the more we discuss things fundamental in our constitution. Love, duty, justice, righteousness are real things. The feeling is as true a faculty of our psychic make-up as is the intellect or the will. Science must come face to

face with spirit, the mind must grapple with its own laws. And this study of mental phenomena discloses to us the relation between science and mentality, the inability of science to become acquainted with ultimate reality. For science is merely a structure of the mind, working according to its own laws, acting upon given sensations, dealing with these sensations and valuing them according to relation, difference and change. It is only spirit which we know immediately, it is through spirit that science is built from sensations, given mediately. The sensation, itself, as received in consciousness, is psychic, and hence the mind knows only its own phenomena. And confining ourselves to the ethical side of the question, we find that no conception of morality is possible save that of a supernatural essence, working from the soul outward. Matter becomes the medium through which is worked out the Divine purpose of righteousness by this spiritual force.

Sacrifice is the method of the life in Christ, the overcoming of evil by struggle. Not that matter is necessarily evil, for evil is a spiritual thing. It is a spiritual struggle, but a struggle in life. We are the essential factors of life; life itself is the environment for the working out of this spiritual principle which is its ultimate reality, its truth. The life in Christ Jesus, therefore, means to us

everything that life contains being worked upon by His Spirit to bring forth righteousness. It is not a negative life, but a positive one; not a life of beautiful dreams, of sublime meditation, of the mortifying of the body by ill-treatment and fasting, but an active life, living and working with power, struggling victoriously against the insinuations of evil. This is the sublime end of life—to obtain and use everything within it to the end of working out the principles of Christianity. So far as we, as moral beings, are concerned, we can see no greater purpose in creation. Righteousness is the foundation of the creation of God; to work it out in ourselves is the fundamental purpose of our being.

Matter, then, is the medium of spiritual action. The revelations of God were made through holy men. Miracles became the means of enforcing spiritual authority. God is dealing with men, as such, and His dealing is through matter to their spirit, or, in other words, man must come in contact with spiritual forces as they exert themselves upon him as a living being in the lower sense of the term.

As revelations became stronger, more glorious, more explicit, they became more active, more touched with life, until at the Advent, the Word was made flesh and dwelt among men. It was the culmination of God's purpose in the creation of man, the triumph of righteousness, of justice, of love through the Incarnation of His strong and only Son, Christ, as the Son of Man, was the full realization of God in humanity. And yet we see that this meant struggle, sacrifice.

The life of Jesus presents us with the leading idea in the life of His Spirit

within us. His life was the use of life, in the lower sense of the term, to bring forth the principles of immortality and righteousness as implied in it through struggle and sacrifice. He was born in a manger, of lowly parentage, "despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." On His entering upon His victorious ministry we find His body struggling with evil. We find Him overcoming evil, yet with no appreciable success from a material standpoint. The spirit was triumphing over the body. We find His life a lowly one, poor, without worldly goods or honor. We find Him in the dark and lonely garden, struggling against the bodily aversion of suffering and death. We find Him on the Cross, dying, as a criminal, between two thieves, mocked, spat upon. We find Him succumbing, through the weakness of His body, to the agony of crucifixion, in a few hours. It is all struggle, sacrifice. His body had been the medium of spiritual manifestation. As a man He had died. As a man there was nothing to show that His Spirit was to go on and on, resplendent with power, redeeming the world from sin and death. In the Transfiguration we catch a glimpse of the splendor of His Spirit; in the Resurrection we behold the power of His divine sonship. God was manifest in the flesh, through the flesh the Divine spirit revealed itself to the world as the vital principle of life. The triumph of righteousness became glorious when, from the tomb, on that first Christian Sabbath, the Son of God came forth, of His own Divine power, a conqueror and a king.

Man, as a self-conscious being, finds himself engaged in a struggle for righteousness against evil. The impulse of

divine love makes known to him the despair attached to evil. He finds himself engaged in working out this divine impulse within him, which is at first conceived of as consciousness of right, but afterward becomes, through faith, the guiding spirit of Jesus. Mercy, love, duty, righteousness are real things, are potential things. They are the very woof of our existence; by them and by our estimate and interpretation of them we stand or fall. They are imperfectly understood by the most ignorant and humble; they are fully felt and realized by the faithful in Jesus. And herein is Christian life. Not merely acquiescing to the moral standards of Jesus, not looking upon Him simply as a pattern of perfect manhood, not only meditating upon the love and holiness which find their greatest human attainment in His life and death, but the acquiring, through faith, of His spirit, the being changed by His grace, the becoming one with Him—this is the life of Christ. It is to take upon ourselves the Spirit of Jesus, and by way of the cross, struggle and sacrifice, become factors in the great upward and onward march of Christian triumph; not the triumph of dogma, nor of scholasticism, nor of ecclesiasticism, but the triumph of the universal spirit of Jesus moving ahead to greater things. It is Christ in the world using life in its every sense to work out the righteousness of God; Christ in humanity moving victoriously to the consummation of His purpose—salvation through faith.

Christian life means a change. Before we were valuing motives by standards

which were inadequate and harmful; now we are valuing them by the truth of the Word of God: before we were misusing the beautiful world, producing effects distorted, unlovely; now we are rightly estimating the importance of life.

Faith implies the spiritual condition; grace is the spiritual power, and from them springs active love; not the love which simply appreciates, admires, adores, but the love which works, the love which struggles, the love which sacrifices. This love is the kingdom of God. It is the reign of love within us which gives us the reality of immortal life, which makes Christ's kingdom a kingdom within us. This is eternal love, eternal life, and this eternal life is grasped here, in this world, not in its entirety, but in its truth. We begin here to know the immortal glory. And though the vision is dim, though we look through a glass darkly, it is thus that we are enabled to see face to face, when this life of love through faith and grace shall become so wrapped in the spirit of Jesus as to be one with His spirit, working through the body to higher and holier things, to the beautiful realization of eternal life in the presence of God.

N. B.—The above is from the pen of the Rev. George Gilbert Walker, pastor Bethel A. M. E. Church, Shelburne, N. S., Canada. Rev. Walker, although a young man, being born 1881, is an indefatigable student of his calling as well as of his race. He is a pleasing speaker and a thoughtful writer. He is a son of A. B. Walker, B. A., LL. D., B. C. L., barrister, of St. John, N. B., Canada.—EDITOR.

The Love That Could Not Sin

An Arabian Romance

BY RALPH W. TYLER

CHAPTER I.



It was always the custom with the Prophet Mahomet to have one of his wives with him on his military expeditions as companion and solace, she being taken by lot. On the expedition against the Beni Mostaleks, the lot fell to Ayesha, the fairest of all his wives. She, as was the custom, traveled in a litter, borne on the back of a camel, which was led by an attendant, a young man of striking manly beauty. Standing full six feet, full chested, straight as a palm tree and with as handsome a face and head as ever God sat upon the shoulders of man, a woman could not help but admire his form and face. Women note men's forms as closely as man notes the form of woman.

Of a rather reticent turn, and knowing his place, that of an attendant only, he never spoke to his fair mistress save when commanded. Even when not occupied in attending Ayesha, he would not mingle with those presumably his equals, but held himself as completely aloof from such as if they were but the rabble and he a prince.

Ayesha had marveled much at his manly beauty and his efforts to exclude

himself from others. There was much about him that attracted this beautiful wife of the prophet.

Where is there a woman who does not admire the mysterious man? The man who regards woman with an apparent indifference is not the repellant character one would suppose. He is an attractive quantity, for women. She loves to solve a riddle, to penetrate behind the curtain of mystery, if only in quest of food for gossip. The taciturn man to her is a riddle, a mystery, and when that mystery is wrapped up in manly beauty, her whole being becomes agitated with the desire to sound the very depths of that mystery.

Scarcely a word had she spoken to him, during that expedition, save to give him orders, and her orders were obeyed without reply. Every step, every movement he made, however, she observed. Her eyes were upon him constantly. She thought much of her "silent attendant," as she had named him. And there were those with that expedition who had watched with more than passing interest Ayesha's glances directed toward Safwan, her attendant, and observed closely her contentment when he was near and the willingness with which he obeyed her every wish.

On the return homeward, for some reason, their camel moved slower than usual, and in consequence was behind the army a pace, though always in sight. When evening came, on the third day, and the army halted for the night, Safwan kept his post by the side of his mistress. When her tent had been pitched, and her couch arranged within by her silent attendant, Ayesha entered and half reclining at the entrance, outside of which sat Safwan, she gazed at him with a longing gaze. For a full half hour she sat silently gazing, seemingly in a deep reverie. At last she spoke to him, saying:

"Safwan, art thou weary after the march?"

"I could travel another league," was his simple reply.

"Then thou wouldst be still more weary," she ventured.

"No more so than before," came his reply, without turning to look at his mistress.

Ayesha was determined to know more of her silent attendant before she retired for the night. She admired him, even though he be but an attendant. Admired, secretly, more than a wife should admire man other than her husband. The distance between the exalted and lowly position is but a short span for love.

"Safwan," she said, "turn thy face to me."

Slowly he did as commanded, and when his eyes met the beautiful eyes of Ayesha, o'er which Arabian and Jewish poets had raved in verse, he seemed enchanted, but spoke not until bidden.

"Why art thou so silent, Safwan?" she

asked, half pleadingly, a pretty smile playing about her mouth.

He made no reply. Simply sat enthralled by those eyes.

"Wouldst thou not rather serve in the ranks than attend the prophet's wife?" she asked.

"My lot gives no cause for complaint," he answered.

Moving up closer to the tent's opening, so close that her hand if outstretched but a foot might have touched him, she said:

"Safwan, thou art of noble parentage, else thou wouldst not have that perfect form, that handsome face, that bearing that becomes a prince. And thou must have in thy mind thoughts of a daughter of thy tribe, or thou wouldst not remain ever silent. Speak, do I not say the truth?"

"Thou hast not," was his reply.

"And thou sayest thou dost not love?" she questioned.

His eyes fell; a puzzled look came over his face. Ayesha listened impatiently for the answer. But none was given.

"Didst thou not hear?" she asked.

"Didst thou command?" he said, reflectively, as if trying to recall something.

"I said to thee," she answered, "and thou sayest thou dost not love?"

Pausing a moment before replying; looking intently into her eyes, as if trying to divine her meaning, he answered, interrogatively:

"Thou believest me a man?"

What an unsatisfying answer, and yet Ayesha, feeling that his reply was half an admission, said:

"Thou art a man, but all men do not love, neither do all men hate, nor are

all men indifferent. How must I take thy reply?"

"As thou wilt."

"As I wilt? Then if I wouldst believe thou lovest, where is she for whom thou hast affection?"

"In the world."

"In the world? Then she lives?"

"Yes."

"And she is fair to the eye?"

"Yes, the fairest God hath created."

"Of thy own tribe?"

"Nay, not so."

"A maiden of Medina?"

"She is, but she was not always."

"Oh, Safwan, why dost thou answer so puzzling? Why not be open with thy answers? Know thee not I am thy friend?"

He felt her warm breath, so close had she moved to him. But he vouchsafed no reply.

"Thou wouldst trust thy secret with me, Safwan?" she pleaded.

"A secret intrusted is no secret."

"True, but a secret imparted to a true friend, to one more than a friend, adds to its sweetness. I wouldst like thee to trust me Safwan, that I might ask thee what love is like."

"Thou art a wife, and shouldst know,"

A woman must tell her secret. A woman's secret told is like the shedding of tears. Shed no tears and the heart is fettered, the mind congealed. Shed tears and the pent-up feelings, flowing out in crystal drops from the eyes, bring sweet relief, if but momentary.

"Yes," Ayesha replied, hesitatingly, feeling her way as it were, "I am a wife, but dost that follow that I am learned in love?"

"It shouldst make thee wise to it?" he answered.

"Listen, Safwan," she said, and she laid her hand upon his arm, she the wife of the prophet and he but her attendant, "I am still in my early years. The prophet is old, and as he grows older he becomes more concerned with war and with many wives. My life is like May flowers that are being frosted with winter's chilling winds that blow before their time. Hadst I a husband, youthful and strong, handsome and brave, warm-hearted and true, methinks I wouldst know then what love is like."

"Oh, Safwan, a vine that clings to a tree yet sending forth branches and leaves grows far better than the vine that clings to a tree rotting from age. Dost thou not understand? Canst thou not see the meaning I wouldst convey? Tell me, Safwan, thou understandest me. Say thou wilt keep my secret?"

"Thy secret I will keep. I would be less than man didst I not, but I fear to say I understand what thy secret can be, as thou hast told me none."

What mind is more sluggish in grasping a point than the mind of the doubting lover.

"Come within my tent, Safwan," she half commanded, half begged, and Safwan, ere he knew it, obeyed, and was beside the prophet's wife in her tent. When he discovered himself, when he awoke to a realization of what he had done, and thought of the penalty were he seen, he was startled, and immediately started to quit the tent, but Ayesha, throwing her arms about him, pleaded:

"Stay, stay a moment only."

"Woman, dost thou know the cost, if discovered?" he asked.

"A woman's love counts no cost, oh, Safwan."

Her secret he had at last. He was but man. Catching her in his arms he pressed a kiss against her cheek, saying, with all the fervency of a lover:

"Thy body belongs to the prophet, thy heart to me, as mine doth to thee. Where woman gives not the heart with the body she gives but the shadow, the substance is retained. I have loved thee for long, fair woman, but dare not let thee know, for I am but an attendant, whilst thou art the wife of a prophet. When I saw thee first, some power other than thy beauty, which is divine, attracted me to thee, and I accepted the faith only to be near thee. I asked to be made thy attendant, that I might be near thee always, but hadst thou not spoken thy secret, I shouldst have died ere I had made known my love.

"Thou callest me Safwan, and I counsel thee to continue, but I tell thee 'tis not true."

"And thou art not Safwan?" she asked.

"No. Among my own tribe I am Al Safwan Ibn Marhab, a prince of the line of Ibn al Kazat, of the tribe of Khaibar, but I wouldst rather be thy attendant than share all the honors that are rightfully mine."

"O Safwan," she said, "by that name thou wouldst have me know thee, 'tis not right that I cause thee so great a sacrifice. Wouldst that I could be thine only."

"And wouldst thou fly with me, far away from here, to the desert where we

may love unmolested?" he asked quickly.

"Were I not a wife, I would follow thee, O Safwan, in the desert as far as the feet of man or camel canst take."

"Why not now, to-day, to-night? Why not forsake thy husband, who regards only thy body, and fly with him who sees naught but thy heart? Four other wives hath he besides thee to console him, and is it right that woman should bestow her affections upon man who forgetteth the heart, and thinks only of a passion that is ungodly?"

"Thou speakest well and true, Safwan, but were we to fly the prophet would follow and wreak vengeance on thy head and on mine."

"I couldst protect thee against an army."

"Yea, that is a lover's belief, Safwan, but brave and strong as thou art, thou couldst not hold off an army."

The gray of the evening was gathering fast. Looking out and observing that the day was fast disappearing and the quietness of the camp, which to him seemed favorable for flight, Safwan, pressing Ayesha to his bosom, while her face was upturned to his, said:

"Speak the word, O Ayesha, and we will fly to-night."

"No, not now, Safwan. Not to-day. Have but hope, and the happy hour will come when I canst be thine wholly. Thou wilt hope—say thou wilt, Safwan."

"Hope," he repeated, half soliloquizing, "the sons of man, though exiled from the bowers of Eden to a world of woe, yet feel their bosoms burn, yet feel their hearts animated in the pursuits of earthly happiness. In the morning of life, ere

the heart has bled from the envenomed arrows of misfortune, terrestrial happiness dances upon our youthful sight and continues to inspire us with romantic dreams, till we have clasped the airy phantom to our exulting breasts. 'Tis then we find that although it strikes the eye from afar with superlative brightness and sparkles with the most alluring colors, yet its brightness only serves to dazzle with the glare of deception and its colors but allure to ruin.

"Hope! It is like the ethereal flash that plays upon the bosom of the lurid cloud—beautiful to the view, but ripe with the weapons of destruction."

"Ah, Safwan," said Ayesha, "when every other consolation that can cheer the heart hath taken its flight from earth and left this vale of sorrow, wrapt in tenfold darkness by the shades of woe, what glittering form from the dark bosom of affliction bursts upon the enraptured view, unbars the gates of glory and pours upon the kindling eye the effulgence of a bright world? Ah, Safwan, 'tis Hope, the fairest daughter of the skies. Her form is as lovely as the vernal morn without a cloud to overcast it, and her countenance is as bright as the uncreated beam. Hope descends to the earth and despair shrinks abashed from her beaming glance and shoots to the desert realms of congenial night. She waves her magic wand and the emotions of the breast are hushed into a state of composure, mild as the seas ere they quiver to the curling gale, or ere they were ruffled by a brooding spirit that moved over the face of the water. Hope soothes and tranquilizes every disorderly

affection, bidding serenity, like the summer evening, o'erspread the soul, calm and cloudless, the promise of the future happy day. Hope, thou, Safwan, hope. Hope for my sake."

"I will hope for thy sake, and for thy sake believe that hope will wing her exulting flight and perch o'er the ruins of departed time; bright as the visions of an expiring saint and decked with the robes of Immortality, like——"

A sound, as of some one moving near the tent was heard, and Safwan, startled by the sound, startled by the fear it awakened of being discovered, quickly passed out of the tent and stood irresolutely just outside the opening.

CHAPTER II.

The prophet, the genius that was to unite the wild tribes of Arabia in one mighty people, and who was to spread the faith, compelling belief by the sword, was shortly to witness division in his ranks, instead of unity, so necessary for the accomplishment of his purposes.

Abdallah Ibn Obba had made a vow to check the prophet's advance. He recognized that conditions were favorable to the prophet and therefore he must bide his time and wait for the seasonable opportunity, using the interval to scatter quietly the seeds of discord and discontent.

No race ever held more sacred the virtue of its women than the Arabs. To the men of Arabia virtue was held to be higher than their gods, their faith. The prophet's taking of many wives, his affair and marriage with Zeinab, the wife of Zeid Ibn Horeth, had not only caused much murmuring, but it was a fagot to

feed the flame of jealousy already burning in the bosoms of his other wives.

Abdallah had noted how attentive Safwan was to Ayesha, and he had often observed her soft glances for her attendant betoken more than the feeling that should exist between a mistress and her attendant. He had also noted, with the detective eye of one who plans trouble, how Ayesha, with her attendant, lagged behind on the homeward march. Nothing escaped his watchful eye.

Calling his slave, Zaneth, to him, when the army halted that evening, he said:

"If I may trust thee with a mission, thy freedom and a camel will be thy reward."

On receiving Zaneth's assurance that he could be trusted, he gave him these instructions:

"Observe where Ayesha, the prophet's wife, hath had her tent pitched? Go thee thither, stealthily, and listen to every word that passes between Ayesha and her attendant, but take care they do not observe thee, and report all thou hast heard or seen to me. I will engage the prophet in argument, thus keeping him longer than his wont to remain away from Ayesha's tent. There is a difference between us, and leading him to believe the difference can be bridged over, I can give Ayesha and Safwan unusual time to spend together. Understand thee my instructions?"

"Master," said Zaneth, "thou canst rely on me to be faithful."

With his ear close to Ayesha's tent, Zaneth heard every word that was spoken and made mental record that he might report to his master. On changing his

position, he stumbled, which caused the sound that startled Safwan and caused him to leave the tent quickly. Zaneth, who was almost as fleet of foot as an Arabian steed, realizing that the sound had disturbed the lovers and awakened them from their dream, bounded away like a deer, and by the time Safwan was out of the tent, Zaneth was lost in the gray of the evening. The sound of fast flying feet, however, led Safwan to suspect that they had been discovered.

Zaneth reported all that he had heard and seen. Abdallah smiled exultingly, for he felt he had now been given a powerful weapon.

"Hold thy tongue, till we return to Medina," he said, "and I will keep my promise of reward to thee."

Safwan had resumed his position outside Ayesha's tent but a very few moments when the prophet came up, who, after telling Safwan to retire for the night, entered Ayesha's tent for the night.

When the army arrived at Medina, Abdallah sent for Hamna, the sister of the prophet's wife Zeinab, and repeated to her the story of Ayesha and her attendant occupying her tent together. He so related the story as to lead Hamna to believe Ayesha guilty of great evil. A man who seeks revenge will not hesitate to assassinate even woman's fair name.

Abdallah counted on Hamna informing Zeinab, her sister, whom the prophet had but recently married. As there was a rivalry between Ayesha and Zeinab the plot was plain. This damaging information against Ayesha, Zeinab would surely give to the prophet.

As a woman's chief concern, at times,

is to spread scandal, this story of Ayesha's love for her attendant would spread, gathering force, and growing more debaseful with each telling. Thus discontent would be aroused in the prophet's own home and this would become a lever in Abdallah's hand with which he would loosen the prophet's influence.

Hamna went from house to house spreading the story, affirming that Ayesha had been guilty of wantonness with Safwan. It was echoed by Mistah, a kinsman of Abu Beker, Ayesha's father, and was celebrated in satirical verses by the poet Hasan. The prophet was sorely troubled in mind over the scandal and asked council of Ali in his perplexity. Ali made light of the affair, observing that such misfortune was frequently the lot of man; that woman was but human, and being human followed the bend of her mind, which was evil. This suggestion, however, did not console the prophet. He remained separated from Ayesha for a month, though his heart yearned toward her; not merely on account of her beauty but because he loved her society. One night as he sat brooding over the misfortune that had come to him, he received a revelation. The angel Gabriel appeared unto him and said:

"They who accuse a reputable female of wantonness and produce not four witnesses of the fact shall be scourged with fourscore stripes and their testimony rejected. As to those who have made the charge against Ayesha, have they produced four witnesses thereof? If they have not, they are liars in the sight of God. God is so jealous of woman's fair name He will damn they that falsely ac-

cuse her. Let those that have falsely accused Ayesha receive the punishment for their crime."

The innocence of the beautiful Ayesha being miraculously made manifest, the prophet again took her to his bosom. Nor was he slow in dealing the prescribed castigation to all, save Abdallah, who was too powerful a personage to be subjected to the scourge. The incident, however, had succeeded in dividing the people into two parties and great strife was promised, which pleased much the crafty Abdallah.

The prophet, though believing Ayesha innocent, felt that it were wise that he appoint another attendant for Ayesha, so sending for Safwan, he said:

"Safwan, thou knowest the scandalous stories afloat concerning thee and Ayesha. While I am most satisfied regarding Ayesha's innocence, 'tis best that thee no longer serve as her attendant, so I dismiss thee from that service. If thou wouldst do Ayesha and the prophet great service thou wilt use such means as thou see proper to rid the world of the one who first agitated the story, and thou knowest him well."

"Dost thou mean Abdallah?" asked Safwan.

"The same."

"And wouldst thou have me take his life?"

"As thou may decide."

"If I refuse?"

"Then I wouldst say thou art a coward."

"But Ayesha's not my wife. 'Tis more fitting that her husband protect her fair name."

"Her husband, the prophet, commands another to do that which he wouldst have done."

"Were Ayesha mine, I would command no man to protect her. That I would do without no man's assistance."

"Dost thou dare dictate to the prophet?"

"I dare nothing. I but say what I wouldst do were Ayesha mine."

"Perhaps 'tis true thou doth covet Ayesha?"

Safwan hung his head.

"Speak, slave, and deny the charge!"

"I am no slave," quickly replied Safwan, his eyes flashing fire, and his bosom heaving with anger.

"What art thou? Who art thou?"

"A prince!"

"A prince? What dost thou add lie to covetousness?"

"Thou art the prophet, and 'tis not proper that I enter into argument with thee," Safwan replied in a most condescending manner.

"By Allah, didst I believe that thou covet Ayesha, thou wouldst be hurried to thy maker. Dost thou not know that thou art commanded by Allah to covet not thy neighbor's wife?"

"Does the great Allah's commands demand obedience from thee the same as the lowliest of thy followers?"

"What meanest thou?"

"That thee didst covet and take thy neighbor's wife."

"Well, but seeing that I am the prophet, he who makes and interprets the law, what canst thou say?"

"No more than that the law-giver shouldst be more strict in observance,

since he can better interpret than they who are told of the law."

"Safwan," said the prophet, rather abashed by the attendant's argument, "thou hast not yet denied the charge of regarding Ayesha with covetous eyes."

"Wouldst thou yield up thy wife to him who covets her?"

"Then thou doth covet her?" replied the prophet fiercely.

"I did not say as much," answered Safwan, rather tantalizingly.

"Nor didst thou deny as much," responded the prophet warmly.

"Doth the prophet believe that his good wife Ayesha would look with favor on a mere attendant?"

This last question was accepted by the prophet as a rebuke for his apparent doubting of his wife's innocence, after having received a divine revelation declaring her innocence and he answered:

"Thou mayest depart now, and for the present continue as Ayesha's attendant till I find another and until I provide thee by thy argument thou art too able a follower to be kept as the attendant of a woman."

"But, prophet," interrupted Safwan, "if I should tell thee I had no other ambition than to prove a faithful attendant?"

"I wouldst tell thee that the prophet knows better than thou what is best for thee."

Safwan then withdrew, much disturbed, for he felt satisfied that he was to be immediately separated from Ayesha. He was determined, however, if possible, to thwart the plan to separate them, even should he be forced to fly with her to distant parts.

The prophet still was much puzzled. The stories that had been circulated appeared to fit the unsatisfying answers Safwan had made to his questions. He now, for the first time, observed how handsome was this attendant, and knowing woman as he did, thought of the possible influence a youth, near her own age, and as handsome as man could be formed, might exert on his beautiful young wife. The more he considered the matter, the more firm he became in the resolve to appoint a new attendant, and to devise some mission for Safwan

that would take him from Medina. And he suggested to himself that a dangerous mission to some point that might probably prevent his ever being heard of again would be better. The old prophet reasoned that there is no trusting youth in a contest for a woman's affections, for in every case where youth and age is pit against each other, age loses, except where age possesses much wealth, and the woman much love of luxury, in which case age may win, but it were better that both had lost such a woman.

(To be Continued)

BEYOND THE YEARS

BEYOND the years the answer lies,
 Beyond where brood the grieving skies
 And Night drops tears.
 Where Faith rod-chastened smiles to rise
 And doff its fears,
 And carping Sorrow pines and dies—
 Beyond the years.

Beyond the years the prayer for rest
 Shall beat no more within the breast;
 The darkness clears,
 And Morn perched on the mountain's crest
 Her form uprears—
 The day that is to come is best,
 Beyond the years.

Beyond the years the soul shall find
 That endless peace for which it pined,
 For light appears,
 And to the eyes that still were blind
 With blood and tears,
 Their sight shall come all unconfined
 Beyond the years.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

Virginia Union University and Its Work



VIRGINIA Union University is a striking illustration of the evolution of the Negro school. In 1867 a school for the education of freed men was started in Washington in some old wooden barracks, cheerless and comfortless, on I street. Dr. G. M. P. King, called by his enthusiasm for the recently liberated race, dedicated his life to the work of giving them an education. From this poor beginning the school moved after a while to Meridian Hill, and there, in a large brick building, Wayland Seminary for twenty-five years did a great work for young men and women who desired to prepare themselves for teaching and other useful callings.

In the same year, 1867, in which the school began at Washington, Nathaniel Colver, the great abolition preacher of Tremont Temple, Boston, started a similar school in Richmond. Lumpkin's Jail, the building in which slaves were kept awaiting sale, and in which the actual selling block stood, which had seen so often the saddest features of slavery—this building, deprived of its wonted use, was to become the first home of Richmond Institute. After a short service Dr. Colver, in broken health, was obliged to retire from the work, and Dr. C. H. Corey became principal of the school. In a few years it was moved from Shockoe Bottom into quarters which were elegant

in comparison, in the heart of the business part of the city, on the corner of 19th and Main Streets. There, in the old United States Hotel, Richmond Institute, and later Richmond Theological Seminary, had a home for twenty-five years, and did a great work, especially in the way of training men for the Christian ministry.

But neither Wayland Seminary in Washington nor Richmond Theological Seminary in Richmond had buildings that would compare for a moment with the magnificent granite structures which in 1899 were built and equipped on the outskirts of the former capital of the Confederacy. The new buildings occupy the site once used as a camping ground by the Confederate soldiers while they waited to be sent forward to the front. The grounds also included a part of one of the strong defences of the city, Battery No. 9. A wonderful transformation it is from Lumpkin's Jail to these granite buildings! A wonderful change from Confederate battery and camping ground to a university for the higher education of colored men!

The evolution is not less striking in studies pursued than it is in buildings and equipment. Forty years ago the reader and spelling book, the copy book and geography, and the Bible were the chief text books. Library there was none. Now the subjects taught include all those commonly found in the best academies and in

the colleges North; modern languages and ancient, sciences, higher mathematics, economics, sociology, logic, psychology, philosophy, Hebrew, theology—the whole range of studies that make the well-educated and cultured man. The courses are modern as well as advanced. They include manual training, for muscle and eye are part of man as well as brain. They are especially strong in the subjects that deal with modern life in the individual and in society, as well as in the older subjects of the classics and mathematics. The course, we believe, is superior to that of most Northern schools, in the emphasis that it places on conduct, which Matthew Arnold says is three-fourths of life. What an evolution from the primary teaching of forty years ago to the university instruction of to-day! At present the enrollment is about 250, and if there were accommodations it might easily be 300, or 350. One hundred of the young men are preparing, in one grade or another, for the Christian ministry. Others are preparing for teaching, medicine, law, editorship, business, and other pursuits. The college department has grown steadily from a membership of four, nine years ago, to forty-five this year. The school is recognized as the capstone of the educational system of the colored people of a great State, and has opportunities which ought to give it a very prominent position among the schools of the South.

While the attention of so many people is turned toward industrial schools, it must not be forgotten that there is an imperative need for the higher intellectual training of those members of the race

who have special aptitude for such training, and who are to become the intellectual leaders of ten million people. Certainly there will be a reaction among the large givers, and a school like Virginia Union University, that stands for the higher intellectual training of the colored man, will be given the resources to accomplish the great work which lies before it.

The University has now existed long enough to justify the broad plans of its founders. Wayland Seminary in Washington has done a fine work, and was never more successful than in 1899, but its financial resources were limited, and it was situated almost under the shadow of Howard University, a great school with the United States Government behind it. There was really no necessity for two large colored schools in Washington, and as there was no school in Virginia for the higher education of the Negroes, it was wisely decided to unite Wayland Seminary with Richmond Theological Seminary, and, in elegant new buildings, and under the name of Virginia Union University, to establish a school which could give the highest literary and theological training, with ample equipment and strong faculty. The granite buildings on the outskirts of Richmond are the admiration of all who see them, and are in themselves an educating and refining influence. The work of the two schools that were united is still maintained in large measure. The secular work done in Wayland has been continued and greatly enlarged.

A regular college department has been established, and has steadily grown in

numbers and reputation. In 1902, when the first class was graduated from that department, it numbered sixteen students. It has steadily grown until it now numbers forty-five. Its requirements for admission are as high as those of any white college in the State of Virginia, and the college course is now recognized as one of the best for colored men in the country, and as practically equal to that of the great majority of Northern colleges. The sciences are provided with very complete laboratories. The library is located on the first floor of a beautiful building, and numbers some twelve thousand bound volumes, and is supplied with twenty-five or thirty of the best periodicals of the country.

The theological department has a course similar to that of all Northern theological seminaries, and gives the degrees of Bachelor of Divinity and Bachelor of Theology to those who complete the classical and English courses respectively, although on account of the high standard for admission to this department its numbers are at present small. The university has about one hundred students who are looking forward to the ministry.

The total enrollment this year will be about 250, the same as in the last few years. It would be largely in excess of that number if there were dormitory accommodations for more. Within three weeks after school opened the dormitory

was filled, and students were finding rooms and board in the city. The new students come from almost every Southern State, and represent more than twenty colleges and academies in addition to the public schools.

Manual training is required of all students of the academic and preparatory departments during two years. An added elective year is very popular, and is producing excellent results in mechanical drawing. The regular work consists of ironwork and woodwork, by hand and machinery. The machinery is unusually complete for a plant of this kind, and is being used with skill and effectiveness by the new head of the department, Professor Charles T. Russell, until this year holding a prominent place in Tuskegee Institute.

The facts that this is the only school in Virginia for the higher intellectual training of colored men, that it has so substantial a group of buildings, and is so well situated, and that it belongs to the denomination which in Virginia many times outnumbers all other denominations among the colored people, give the school a unique position and opportunity. It is hoped that these facts will be given their full weight, and that in the near future friends will make provision for the school which will enable it to do a far larger work than it has done heretofore.



The Forces Upon Which The Race Depends For Success

BY JOHN M. HENDERSON, M.D.



It is not to the cultured and refined to whom we must look as the source of the impulses, motives and forces which are to impel the race onward and upward. It is the great mass that wants and must have, and that has determined that it will have food and clothing and shelter, that will hurl its mighty weight against the obstacles in the path of progress, that from the force of necessity will invent ways and means, that will falter not, but plunge on; here, in the wants of the mighty multitude, we are to find the impulse, motives and forces upon which the uplift and progress of the race depends.

The first and the essential force in social development is always the physical force. The impulse of the individual to preserve his life is the first law of nature, it will defy statute or convention, it will resist custom and remain dauntless in the face of any foe. From the first moment that he was thrown upon his own resources until this hour, the Negro has had food, clothing and shelter; it has not been of the best, but it has been sufficient to answer his irresistible wants; had he wanted better he would have had it, or he would have

been exterminated in the battle for it.

Let the great mass of the people of New York want bread and you would soon find the police to be powerless, and the law to be of no avail, if bread could not be obtained by lawful and regular means. Prejudice, customs, laws, all have yielded before the onset of the great mass of the race, and it has lived and multiplied. Hog belly and cornmeal, a one-room cabin and coarse garments have met the needs in years past, but a new element has been added to the impelling forces, the mass has acquired education from its contact with the community in which it lives and it has come to want better food, better shelter and better clothing, and the force with which it seeks to satisfy its wants is just as great and just as resistless as ever.

The tiny class of effulgents that shine with the glory of refinement is too weak to demand and force, it must subsist on hand-outs in the way of preferment, it must graft or become a parasite; it is the robust, lusty, resistless mass of the race that is forcing its own way to the front.

But there is another mighty source of impulse, motive and energy which impels the great mass, and that is, the natural instinct to avoid danger and pain. Mobs, unjust law and wicked customs

will never be demolished by the tender and refined element, but they, too, will yield to the resistless mass.

We have in our national community ten millions of colored people who must have food, clothing and shelter, but they are in the midst of sixty millions of other people who also must have food, clothing and shelter. The community life is such that by its customs, conventions, usages, laws and institutions, each individual, in order to supply his own needs must contribute more or less to the satisfaction of the wants of his fellows, and the more service he can render to his fellows the more does he get in compensation.

It is this unfailing reward of individual efficiency that gives resistless force to the philosophy of Dr. Booker T. Washington, and that has aroused the race to so eager a desire for industrial training.

Year by year the wants of the race become greater and more complex, which

makes it necessary to maintain a proportionate increase of efficiency in gainful pursuits.

There is room for the colored people of this country and a place in the great community life, but the place which the individual or the race reaches must be attained by rendering adequate service all along the way to it, and must be held by merit. A few puny accidental colored exquisites setting up as an exclusive social set may wait for attention, but will be unnoticed, but the deep-toned demands of the lusty millions for food and clothing and shelter will never go unheeded, but will be answered by field and factory, and everywhere in the busy nation where trained hands and earnest toilers are needed.

Dr. Booker T. Washington is the leader in the movement which concerns the welfare of the millions of the race and which gives greatest promise of increasing opportunities and unbroken progress.

SUNSET ON THE BEARCAMP

TOUCHED by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old!
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled:
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

—WHITTIER

An Old and Worthy Institution



MORGAN College, Baltimore and its branch schools, Princess Anne Academy at Princess Anne, Maryland, and the Virginia Collegiate and Industrial Institute at Lynchburg, Virginia, represent the concrete effort and co-operation of men, white and colored, who believe in the all round training of the Negro for Christian citizenship in America.

In 1867, while yet the clouds of war hung over the Southland a little school was established on Saratoga street, Baltimore, for the training of colored preachers. This school was known for a time as the Centenary Biblical Institute. It soon outgrew its narrow bounds, and moving to the corner of Fulton and Edmondson Avenues occupied a substantial stone building which had been erected for its use. Later, in honor of Rev. Dr. Littleton F. Morgan, who gave liberally of his time and money to the school, the name was changed to Morgan College. Its course of study was gradually broadened until now its main school has a four years' normal course, four years' secondary courses, followed by a four years' college course leading to appropriate bachelors' degrees. The standard is thus fully up, in time spent and in results achieved, to the best colleges of our land in the courses offered; but few courses are offered at present. The ideal is a constantly broadening and expanding list of subjects open to the student.

With the growth of the industrial idea, the schools at Princess Anne, Maryland, and Lynchburg, Virginia, were established where young men and women might receive not only secondary training but be taught in the manual arts, crafts, and industries. At the former school, ten lines of industry are carried on. Girls are taught cooking, sewing, dressmaking, millinery, laundrying and home gardening; while the young men are taught blacksmithing, wheelwrighting, carpentry, joinery, printing, agriculture dairying, and kindred subjects. While this industrial training is going on, there are being developed in parallel courses secondary and normal training, with special reference to providing well equipped teachers for the rural schools. At Lynchburg, the industrial courses are neither so numerous nor extensive as at Princess Anne, but all are thoroughly taught useful domestic arts and industries and the preparation for teaching is thorough and painstaking. But what has been accomplished in these forty years? Some forty-five hundred students have gone out with more or less training for the duties of life. A large proportion of the preachers of the Methodist Episcopal Church of this region have received some training here. A great number of men and women have been prepared for teaching in public and private schools, thus raising the standard and increasing the efficiency of the whole school system. Some of the

students have become famous. We might mention Rev. Dr. Thomas, Field Agent of the Home Missions and Church Extension, Rev. William H. Brooks, pastor of St. Mark's Church, New York City—a tower of strength among colored people in the great metropolis, Dr. Warfield, Superintendent of the Freedman's Hospital, Washington, Dr. Clair of Washington, Dr. Jolley of Newark, Dr. Dr. Hughes of Baltimore, Hon. W. T. Vernon, Register of the Treasury, Professors Davis and Hawkins of Baltimore, and many others too numerous to mention. The real work of the school is to be measured, not by the few brilliant ones who might become brilliant in spite of the school, but by the large number of ordinary people who learn to do the work of life extraordinarily well. In this respect, Morgan College certainly has a good record, but we realize that our work has but fairly begun. We are in a sense pioneers, still on the very frontiers of education. The colored men will do more and be more as he thinks more. Sound thinking, clear reasoning, and earnest purpose—to put these to good use are the essentials of true success. It is the aim of Morgan College to give every one of its students the opportunity to live his best life, to open

the doors of opportunity and to see that no man shuts them.

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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE and The New York Age are located together at Nos. 7-8 Chatham Square. They are separately managed.

The Age is a corporation, capitalized at \$50,000, and has a limited amount of stock which it is offering the public at \$10 a share. THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, published by The Moore Publishing and Printing Company, is about to incorporate and will issue bonds of \$10 each which it offers the public. The two publications have their own plants, and operate the most complete newspaper establishment owned by Negroes. It should be a pleasure to be connected with either of them. The two publications are solving the race problem. They give employment in the shop to 16 people, all members of the race. Increased support from the people would mean more of our people employed as printers, clerks, stenographers and writers. A visit through the shop would delight you and make you feel proud that you have two such worthy publications. You would then be positioned to refute the charge that Negroes cannot produce anything.

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A CORRECTION

WE beg to correct a very serious mistake which occurred in the article entitled "Phrenology and Child Culture" by Professor Adena Clotilda Eugenie Minott, in the November issue of THE MAGAZINE. The inscriptions under the cuts of the children, which she used to illustrate the article, were reversed. The name "Lillian Cornelia Fraser" should have been under the cut which bore the inscription "Adena L. L. Brooks" and vice versa. This was an excellent article, and we sincerely regret that such an error was made, as the cuts of the two children were very important illustrations and the misplacing of them naturally detracted from the article. However, mistakes will occur sometimes, but we endeavor to be as accurate as possible.

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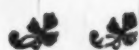
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